

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

SEPTEMBER 18, 1964

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

THE MIDWESTERN BATTLEGROUND



ILLINOIS  
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VOL. 84 NO. 12

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)



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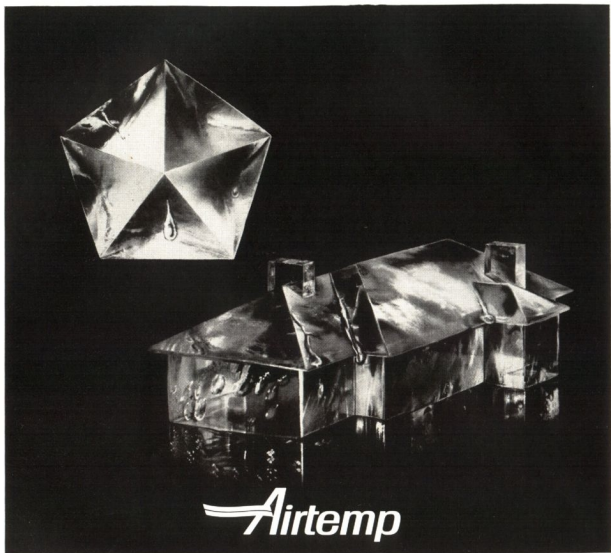
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# TIME LISTINGS

## TELEVISION

ABC completes its roster of new shows with eight premieres this week. NBC introduces four of its new series, and CBS has three—with nine to follow next week. Anyone with a large laid-in supply of food, drink and cigarettes—and a certain amount of endurance—can sample almost all the new wares at a single, two-week sitting.

Wednesday, September 16

**SHINDIG** (ABC, 8:30-9 p.m.).<sup>\*</sup> A variety show featuring different pop singers each week. *Première.*

**MICKEY** (ABC, 9-9:30 p.m.). Mickey Rooney gives his first name and his talents to this new series about a Midwesterner who inherits a hotel on the West Coast. Dina Merrill guest-stars in this first episode. *Première.*

**WEDNESDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES** (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). Formerly *Monday Night at the Movies*; first picture of the new season is *To Catch a Thief*, that Hitchcock switch in which Cat Burroughs Cary Grant gets caught by Mouse Grace Kelly.

Thursday, September 17

**THE CAMPAIGN AND THE CANDIDATES** (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A pre-election special.

**BEWITCHED** (ABC, 9:30-10 p.m.). Based on that old Veronica Lake movie, *I Married a Witch*, this new series has Witch Elizabeth Montgomery married to Mortal Dick York, and Agnes Moorehead as the witch's mother who objects to her daughter's marrying "something that is 90% water, 6% potash and 4% mohair." *Première.*

Friday, September 18

**JONNY QUEST** (ABC, 7:30-8 p.m.). A new animated-cartoon series devised by Hanna-Barbera (*The Flintstones*) about the eleven-year-old son of a scientist-explorer. *Première.*

**THE ADDAMS FAMILY** (ABC, 8:30-9 p.m.). A situation comedy based on Cartoonist Charles Addams' family of cartoon ghouls, with Carolyn Jones as Mother Morticia. *Première.*

**VALENTINE'S DAY** (ABC, 9:30-10 p.m.). Anthony Franciosa plays Valentine Farrow, hero of this new series about a "dashing young bachelor-about-town who is senior nonfiction editor for a Park Avenue publishing house." *Première.*

**12 O'CLOCK HIGH** (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Yet another World War II dramatic series, this one follows the exploits of a daylight bombardment group in Europe. Paul Burke guest-stars in the first episode. *Première.*

**SMALL TOWN U.S.A.** (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). An NBC Special Projects program that explores contemporary problems of small towns, some of which are dying, others being engulfed by expanding cities, with visits to Cimarron, Kans., Bradenton, Fla., Bossier City, La., Greenville, Me., and Hellier, Ky. Fredric March narrates.

Saturday, September 19

**SUMMER OLYMPIC TRIALS** (ABC, 4-5 p.m.). Canoeing and the modern pen-

athlon plus a look at the U.S. Olympic team.

**ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS** (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). Yachts and autos—the America's Cup races off Newport, R.I., and the Italian Grand Prix at Monza, Italy.

**FLIPPER** (NBC, 7:30-8 p.m.). A new adventure series starring a dolphin. *Première.*

**THE FAMOUS ADVENTURES OF MR. MAGOO** (NBC, 8-8:30 p.m.). A new animated cartoon series based on the movie cartoon character. *Première.*

**KENTUCKY JONES** (NBC, 8:30-9 p.m.). A new series about a nine-year-old Chinese boy called Dwight Eisenhower Wong, and a veterinarian-horse trainer called Kentucky Jones. *Première.*

Sunday, September 20

**BROADSIDE** (ABC, 8:30-9 p.m.). A new situation comedy series about four WAVES in a South Pacific naval supply depot during World War II. *Première.*

**LINCOLN CENTER DAY** (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). Second in a series of five specials on Lincoln Center, this one focuses on the Repertory Theater and will present scenes from last season's plays: Arthur Miller's *After the Fall*, O'Neill's *Marco Millions*, and S. N. Behrman's *But for Whom Charlie*, for which Playwright Behrman will give a special introduction.

**THE ROGUES** (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Premiered last week, this new series stars Charles Boyer, David Niven and Gig Young, features Gladys Cooper and Robert Coote, all as members of two families of international crooks.

Monday, September 21

**MANY HAPPY RETURNS** (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). A new situation comedy in which John McGiver plays the manager of a department store complaint department (hence the yuk-fuk title). *Première.*

**SLATTERY'S PEOPLE** (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). A new dramatic series about a state legislator "facing modern political and social challenges," starring Richard Crenna. *Première.*

Tuesday, September 22

**WORLD WAR I** (CBS, 8-8:30 p.m.). A new documentary series narrated by Robert Ryan. *Première.*

**THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.** (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). A new dramatic series about a "suave, steel-muscled" agent called Napoleon Solo (Robert Vaughn) working for a bottled-in-Bond secret organization. *Première.*

## CINEMA

**I'D RATHER BE RICH.** In one of the season's liveliest comedy sleepers, Sandra Dee gets hilarious support from two wide-awake oldtimers, Maurice Chevalier and Hermione Gingold, and a pair of vigorous movie newcomers, Robert Goulet and Andy Williams.

**RHINO!** is a brilliantly scenic safari that combines the usual African flora and fauna with highly entertaining melodrama and a sharp sense of fun.

**SEDUCED AND ABANDONED.** A maiden ventures down the primrose path and stumbles over brutal Sicilian social codes in Director Pietro Germi's savage tragedy-comedy, which is more biting but perhaps

a bit less bubbly than his memorable *Divorce—Italian Style*.

**ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS.** Science fiction and scientific fact plausibly commingle in this stimulating attempt to imagine the problems of an astronaut who is spaceship-wrecked on Mars.

**GIRL WITH GREEN EYES.** Rita Tushingham is a young English actress with charm and talent to burn, and in this story of a shopgirl's passion for a middle-aged author, they give a lovely light.

**A HARD DAY'S NIGHT.** The Beatles are here, they are really much more intelligent than they look, and this is the trample-proof way to see them.

**THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA.** Director John Huston, with his customary competence, has turned Tennessee Williams' morbidly amusing play into a morbidly amusing picture. Deborah Kerr and Ava Gardner perform with skill; Richard Burton plays with style.

**THAT MAN FROM RIO.** A wild and wacky travesty of the average film thriller, directed with way-out wit by France's Philippe de Broca (*The Five-Day Lover*), and starring Jean-Paul Belmondo.

**A SHOT IN THE DARK.** As a bumbling police inspector, Peter Sellers pursues a seductive murder suspect (Elke Sommer) from corpse to corpse.

**ZULU.** A heroic band of British redcoats fights off hordes of proud native warriors in this bloody, bristling adventure film based on a historic battle at Rorke's Drift, Natal, in 1879.

**BECNET.** The tragedy of St. Thomas of Canterbury, one of the greatest dramatic themes of the Middle Ages, is cleverly treated in this cinema adaptation of the play by Jean Anouilh. Richard Burton as the Archbishop at times seems uncertain how to seem uncertain as he struggles with his conscience, but Peter O'Toole is often fascinating as the King. If the film lacks style, it certainly has manner, the grand manner that makes a merely vivid picture seem in sections a remarkable one.

## BOOKS

### Best Reading

**THE ITALIAN GIRL**, by Iris Murdoch. British Novelist Murdoch's eighth book has a message that, for current writers, is almost universal: better to have botched up life than not to have lived at all. But she says it all her own way, which means with wit, understatement and plain old sedition.

**THE LOST CITY**, by John Gunther. To those who remember the days of beats and journalistic feats in the '30s and '40s, Gunther's novel has enormous nostalgic value. The lost city is Vienna, and its dashing celebrants were U.S. correspondents as distinguished as Dorothy Thompson and Vincent Sheean assigned there just before the *Anschluss*.

**A START IN FREEDOM**, by Sir Hugh Foot. Scion of a British family that rivals the notorious Mitfords in brilliance and eccentricity, Sir Hugh has spent his adult years and his considerable talents on helping British colonies to independence, and his book is interesting both as memoir and practical political science.

**GERMANS AGAINST HITLER**, by Terence Prittie. Historians have been curiously reticent about the Germans who fought Hitler from the pulpit, in pamphlets and by direct action—mostly at the cost of their lives. Prittie's book does

\* All times E.D.T.



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Or low tires. Or anything less than  
seat-adjusters that adjust. Heaters that heat. Defrost-  
ers that defrost.

Obviously, the thing we try hardest for is just to be  
nice. To start you out with a new car, like a lively,  
super-torque Ford, and a pleasant smile. To know, say,  
where you get a pastrami sandwich in Des Moines.

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Go with us next time.

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Yes, it was.

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They bought every word.

They came in expecting all of  
the things we promised: clean  
ashtrays, filled gas tanks, wipers  
that wiped, smiles that weren't

painted on and shiny new Fords.

Most of them weren't disappointed. They've been coming  
back. Often. With friends.

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The truth.



## Light? Fantastic!

These unlined Florsheim shoes almost put man in space—just barely tip the scales and that's a fact! You'll keep these soft "lights" on 'til lights out, and spend the rest of the night remembering just how great they felt and fit! Is it morning yet?

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Most Florsheim styles \$19.95 to \$24.95

Illustrated: The PACER in black calf skin.

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belated justice to those who battled Nazi totalitarianism.

**THE COMPLETE WAR MEMOIRS OF CHARLES DE GAULLE** (1940-1946). A moving chronicle of one man's fighting faith in France in his blackest hour, De Gaulle was grimly aware of the price of total commitment, and far more accurately than Roosevelt and Churchill, he gauged the realities of the postwar world.

**A COFFIN FOR KING CHARLES**, by C. V. Wedgwood. This cool, precise account of the infamous trial and execution of England's Charles I does not take sides between the King and Oliver Cromwell, but history has already decided the case: Charles is noble and brave, and Cromwell remains the ambitious, dour man who made revolution and regicide popular.

**MOZART THE DRAMATIST**, by Brigid Brophy. A brilliant interpretation written so gracefully as to disarm criticism of the author's heavily Freudian outlook.

**A MOTHER'S KISSES**, by Bruce Jay Friedman. The author of the widely praised *Stern* faced even worse problems than most second novelists in confronting his cult. But *Kisses* is as funny as its predecessor on the same subject: a man dominated by a driving mother.

**THE GAY PLACE**, by William Brammer. Those who wonder if the energies of our ear-pulling President have been exaggerated in the press should turn to this *roman à clef* about Johnson. Ex-Aide Brammer has caught the voice, the idiom, the excesses, but most of all the protean vigor of the President.

**THE OYSTERS OF LOCMARIAQUER**, by Eleanor Clark. The history of oyster culture from Roman times to the present day is told with accuracy and dedication by Miss Clark. But her word portraits of Bretons who do this arduous work practically seal the show from the mollusks.

**CORNELIUS SHIELDS ON SAILING**. With the 1964 America's Cup races under way, the armchair skipper as well as the sailor can bone up on the intricacies of the sport. Shields, a great yachtsman, writes plainly but never writes "down."

### Best Sellers

#### FICTION

1. Candy, Southern and Hofferberg (1 last week)
2. Armageddon, Uris (3)
3. The Spy Who Came In from the Cold, Le Carré (2)
4. Julian, Vidal (4)
5. The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss (5)
6. This Rough Magic, Stewart (7)
7. Convention, Knebel and Bailey (6)
8. You Only Live Twice, Fleming (10)
9. The 480, Burdick (8)
10. The Spire, Golding (9)

#### NONFICTION

1. Harlow, Shulman (1)
2. The Invisible Government, Wise and Ross (2)
3. A Moveable Feast, Hemingway (3)
4. A Tribute to John F. Kennedy, Salinger and Vanocur (4)
5. Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage (6)
6. The Kennedy Wit, Adler (8)
7. Mississippi: The Closed Society, Silver (5)
8. Diplomat Among Warriors, Murphy (7)
9. Crisis in Black and White, Silbermann (10)
10. The Italians, Barzini



# What makes cocktails swing?

## Calypso limes.

Calypso limes. The juicy yellow limes Rose's Lime Juice is made from. Limes grown in the sultry West Indies. Ripened slowly in the deep heat. Mon, limes grown elsewhere aren't in this race. That's why cocktails made from Rose's are rather

special. Like the Gimlet: one part Rose's to 4 or 5 parts gin or vodka. Serve it in a cocktail glass or on the rocks. Or the Rose's Collins: 3 parts gin, vodka or rum to one part Rose's. Pour over ice, fill with soda, stir. Or the Bloody Mary: One jigger vodka, ½ jigger Rose's, tomato juice, salt, pepper, Worcestershire. Shake with ice, serve in a tall glass.

Or the Rose's Sour: 4 parts whiskey to 1 part Rose's. Shake, with ice, strain into a sour glass. Or Rose's Tonic: Add a dash of Rose's to a jigger of gin topped with Schweppes Tonic.

Plenty more, too. Get yourself plenty of Rose's Lime Juice. And swing.



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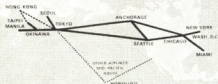
But we do more than save you 2,000 miles. We also save you a lot of bother. You don't have to change airlines—or planes—in the middle of your trip. You stay on the same Northwest Fan-Jet straight through from New York or Chicago to Tokyo.

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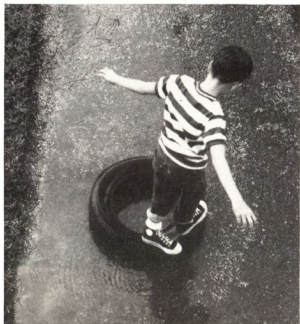
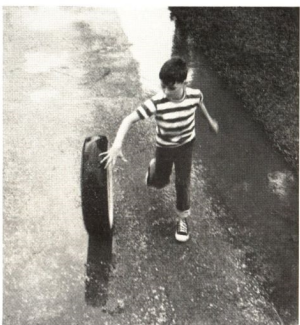
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### *Report on hurricanes:*

**IBM computers help bring you  
storm warnings earlier**

**T**HOUSANDS of trained eyes are now turning toward the South. The dreaded hurricane season is upon us.

A hurricane breeds in isolated ocean areas. It is a mindless beast, moving at will. It can explode overnight into catastrophic fury, change course, and rip into a continent with the power of a dozen atomic bombs.

#### **Predicting a hurricane's path**

Man cannot yet *stop* a hurricane, but "Anna," "Bertha," "Carla," and their awesome sisters are now detected at birth, and—thanks to an IBM computer—warnings are given sooner.

Signs of trouble are sometimes seen



*Hurricanes hit with atomic bomb power. An IBM computer helps the U.S. Weather Bureau issue earlier warnings to save lives.*

on pictures taken by weather satellites. An ominous mass of cloud is swirling into a vortex. Instantly a vast radio and radar network is alerted. "Hurricane Hunter" planes enter the storm's growing eye to report back temperature, air pressure, and velocity.

Thousands of pieces of information begin pouring into the U.S. Weather Bureau at Suitland, Maryland.

#### **IBM computer goes to work**

Each fact is of little value until it is fitted into the overall picture. That is where the Weather Bureau's forecast system begins its job of storm analysis—working with an IBM computer.

*A computer doesn't think—but, in the hands of thinking men, it can scan and relate a million facts instantly.*

Within minutes, the IBM computer correlates incoming storm data to complex weather laws. The hurricane path is predicted with reasonable accuracy for the next 24 hours.

After telephone conference calls, every community within thousands of square miles is alerted to its danger.

When the hurricane hits, shipping has been warned, towns battened down, and many threatened families moved.

During the past three years, a U.S. Weather Bureau research laboratory has been testing and evaluating every

known weather law on a worldwide scale.

This advanced research has been done with a scientific IBM computer.

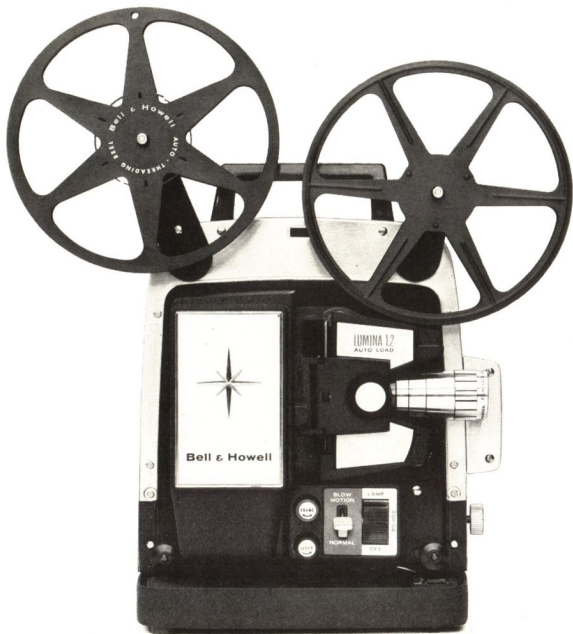
#### **Will man control the weather?**

Perhaps, someday, meteorologists may ultimately be able to make weather predictions years in advance—and on a worldwide basis.

It is also possible this research could eventually lead to actual control of the weather by man—even to curbing the menace of hurricanes.

---

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projector will make them look practically new. (You can even run them in slow motion. But if your 16-year-old objects to his baby pictures being in slow motion, don't say we didn't warn you.) You don't have to shout to make yourself heard, either. This projector is very quiet. (We hate noise ourselves.) It's self-threading too. But it's not so automatic that you can't push some buttons and click some levers and things, if you want something special to happen. After all, the projectionist needs something to do once in a while. (\*Give or take a few dollars)





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## Our man on "Mercury" developed a new star for the Fountain of the Planets at the World's Fair

Meet Ernie Martt of General Electric's Large Lamp Department. Ernie's in charge of the engineering group that has developed the new and dazzling Multi-Vapor lamps for the Fountain of the Planets in the Pool of Industry at the World's Fair. More than 1200 of these lamps direct light on as much as 100 tons of water projected in the air at one time. • These Multi-Vapor lamps, developed especially for the World's Fair, produce light of a quality never before attainable from mercury lamps, and are 50% more efficient than any regular mercury light source! Color for the fountain lighting is produced by new "dichroic" filters used in fixtures containing these Multi-Vapor lamps. The combination of the lamps and filters produce



color for effects in water more spectacular than have previously been seen. • That's the kind of ingenuity you get from G-E people—in lamps, packaging, application ideas and customer services. With over 10,000 lamp types to choose from, you know General Electric has the one to meet every lighting need. Just call your Large Lamp Agent for lighting service, whatever your business. Or write to General Electric Company, Large Lamp Department C-438, Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio.

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# LETTERS

## The Birds

Sir: Your story on Bauer and Baltimore [Sept. 11] was especially well written and highly interesting. However, instead of saying "Finley runs his ball club like a child playing with a Roger Maris Baseball Game," you should have given him credit for playing the best—the "Big-League Manager Baseball Game" of Duluth, Minn.

KEITH T. HENRICKSEN  
Publisher

All Sports Digest  
Duluth

Sir: In 1958, Hank Bauer's middle name should have been "Hustle." Maybe he wasn't a DiMaggio, but he could get to a line drive pretty darned fast and still make it look easy. He played a good rightfield, and at Yankee Stadium that isn't easy. He was a pretty good man in the clutch too. Many was the time he would literally bend over backward or fall into the seats in right to catch aspiring homers. It's a great pennant race this year. I'd like to wish Hank Bauer luck, but since I'm still a Yankee fan, I can't and won't. He never relied on it before; he won't now.

HALTON MANN

Andover, Mass.

Sir: Why not the Phillies' Gene Mauch on TIME's cover? You're a bunch of New York fish-cake flunks!

EDYTHE HURFORD

Roslyn, Pa.

Sir: Wouldn't you know—I just recently let my subscription to TIME expire and you publish this wonderful article on Hank Bauer. Being an avid Oriole fan, a native Baltimorean, and knowing that Mr. Marsh Clark is an alumnus of St. James School made this article even more interesting to me. You can be sure that I shall renew my subscription immediately.

HELEN O. LOUDEN

Baltimore

## Democrats' Choice

Sir: President Lyndon Johnson was wise in his selection of the Minnesotan for the vice-presidential spot [Sept. 4]; he put the awesome responsibility in the hands of a man who sees the problems of this age not as group against group, race against race, section against section, but rather, and more correctly, as stability v. extremism.

ROZELL LEAVELL

Los Angeles

Sir: All I can say is that Humphrey must be a really good man to get the vice-presidential nomination. It's a relief, in a way, to be able to appraise a man for his worth, not his wealth.

MARCELLA M. HENRY

Clifton, N.J.

Sir: Past and passé do-goodies such as Eleanor, Chester and Soapy pale before the chubby-cheeked dynamo that is Horatio, Mr. and Mrs. Citizen must be taught in no uncertain terms that this Fabian gab-bag, one uncertain heartbeat from the White House, is the farthest out since F.D.R. tabbed Henry Wallace.

ROBERT CARY BYERLY

Long Beach, Calif.

Sir: Certain programs of the Democratic Administration are those that not only allow but encourage social irresponsibility.

The major programs of this sort are the war on poverty, medicare, and the beefing up of the Social Security plan. These new tactics on old New Deal programs can all be lumped under one heading: "Fresh meat for the ravening wolves of society." For heaven's sake, let me and the people of the U.S. stand on our own two feet.

MARTIN J. COTE

Pontiac, Mich.

Sir: The Democrats have argued that Goldwater might cause war and have placed peace as their prime objective. I agree that war is a terrible thing, but should we place peace above freedom?

ROBERT STALEY

Ironton, Ohio

Sir: Various Democratic officials at the convention repeatedly stressed the great necessity of keeping control of the awesome American nuclear arsenal in the hands of the President. With this proposition I fully agree, unless, of course, the "temporary Republican spokesman" is elected President, in which case I would feel much safer with the control of our nuclear weapons in the hands of our military field commanders.

JOHN RICHARD STIPKALA

Cleveland

## The Other Choice

Sir: In Goldwater's "reasonable" speech [Sept. 11], he condemns Johnson's Administration for allowing violence in the streets. He goes on to say that "they" are restrained only by the plea to wait until after the election to ignite violence again. It would be the height of naïveté not to realize that he is referring to Negroes, and if this isn't appealing to the white backlash, I'll eat my last issue of TIME.

(MRS.) JOYCE ZANKMAN

Haverlown, Pa.

Sir: I wonder how States' Righter Barry Goldwater would curb the lawlessness and civil disobedience in cities that are supposed to be locally administered.

JANET L. SCHMIEDING

Hazelwood, Mo.

Sir: The press keeps saying that the only way Senator Goldwater can win is through the backlash issue. Well, I'm voting for him because he's honest.

JOHN J. BAKER

Philadelphia

Sir: It should not surprise the American public that Barry Goldwater is for God, Mother and country, and against sick

jokes, off-color drama and pornography. The pity is that he does not realize that he himself is the author of the sickest joke of the year—asking us to make William Miller Vice President.

JAMES A. WILDE

Princeton, N.J.

Sir: Senator Goldwater is a direct lineal descendant of the great Puritan preacher Roger Williams, who founded the colony of Rhode Island. There are remarkable parallels in the careers of the two men, though three centuries separate them. Individual freedom is the primary concern of both their lives. Williams wrote *The Bloody Tenet of Persecution for the Cause of Conscience* (1644), and Goldwater wrote *The Conscience of a Conservative* (1960). Williams led the fight against religious regimentation in his day, just as Goldwater leads the struggle against government regimentation in our times. Both were special friends to the American Indians and to their fellow citizens outside powerful pressure groups.

PEGGY NORRIS

Glendale, Calif.

## Who's Supporting Who

Sir: You referred to the political survey we conducted for the National Broadcasting Co., saying that President Johnson is favored by "86% of the Negroes, 97% of the Jews." This should read "86% of the Jews, 97% of the Negroes."

BURNS W. ROPER

Elmo Roper & Associates  
New York City

## Who's Not Supporting Who

Sir: TIME overstated the Wisconsin State Journal's Republican sturdiness in saying that in more than 100 years it had "never supported a Democratic President" [Aug. 28]. Starting with John C. Fremont in 1856, the State Journal has endorsed an impressive list of Republican presidential candidates, but in 1912 and again in 1916 it supported Democrat Woodrow Wilson. At this date, the State Journal has made no formal endorsement for the 1964 election, but last June 22 it said that it "cannot support Senator Barry Goldwater for the presidency."

WILLIAM C. ROBBINS

Editorial Page Editor

Wisconsin State Journal  
Madison, Wis.

## Philadelphia Riot

Sir: The Philadelphia riot [Sept. 4] was not a "race riot" but simply an infinitesimal part of our Negro community—the rowdy, lawless, hoodlum element—taking advantage of an excuse. There was no is-

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sue of black v. white. The Negro community rallied to the support of the mayor and the law-enforcement agencies. Residents opened their homes to police; women prepared free doughnuts and coffee for the weary officers on riot duty; area residents sent telegrams of support to the mayor and an offer to help in cleaning up; a clearinghouse was set up in an area church for people to return taken items. The Negro press condemned the outrage and congratulated the police for their restraint and wisdom.

DELORIS E. GASKINS

Philadelphia

**The Encyclical**

Sir: Pope Paul's first encyclical has been awaited with eager and hopeful expectancy, not only by Roman Catholics but by millions of non-Catholics who have rejoiced at the manifest liberation and re-vivification of worldwide Roman Catholicism during the "Johannine era." It would serve no useful purpose to mute the fact that the document, released at long last, stirs non-Catholics with dismay and, doubtlessly, "progressive" Catholics with deep if unuttered disappointment. One searches vainly for a single fresh, forward-looking declaration. Even the Pope's offer "to intervene" in the disputes between contending peoples is hardly novel; some of the darkest pages of Western history are stained with papal interventions. Your diagnosis of the encyclical [Aug. 21] was brilliantly acute and accurate—a series of ambivalences dominated by the word "but." But in each ambivalence, the final and decisive alternative is negative, cautious, conservative, in the literal sense reactionary, and above all authoritarian.

HENRY P. VAN DUSEN

Union Theological Seminary  
New York City

**Index at Clarke**

Sir: As the ever amazed husband of a "Clarke girl," I want to congratulate TIME for pointing out the outstanding training granted to students at Clarke College [Sept. 4]. It was a fine article describing a fine school.

JOHN R. REILLY  
Commissioner

Federal Trade Commission  
Washington, D.C.

Sir: Your story attractively reflected the intellectual, cultural, spiritual and social climate of our community of scholars at Clarke College. To clarify one point: our faculty does not ignore the Index or Canon 1399 (which condemns en bloc certain classes of books). The Archbishop of Dubuque respects the intellectual acumen and the prudence of our faculty in judging the competence of certain students to read restricted books. In upper-division courses, our more mature students read and freely discuss specific reserved works of Hobbes, Descartes, Locke, Rousseau, Sartre—but only after written permission has been secured from the Chancery Office.

SISTER MARY ANNE, B.V.M.  
Chairman, Philosophy Department  
Clarke College  
Dubuque, Iowa

**Puzzling Guzzler**

Sir: Knowing that Albert Einstein could not figure out those "scraggly toy birds that dip in and out of a bowl of water in perpetual motion" [Sept. 4] won't make us average intellects feel any better unless we ourselves know the causative factors involved. So come on,





### Future Y. A. Tittle?

**Who can blame a father** for indulging in day dreams? "Billy says he wants to be an astronaut, but he just might turn out to be another Tittle. He'll change his mind many times, but one thing is sure — he'll get his chance!"

**His local GUARDIAN** representative helped this young father work out a program that *guarantees* Billy his chance. It does a lot more. It brings the whole family under GUARDIAN protection, guarantees a

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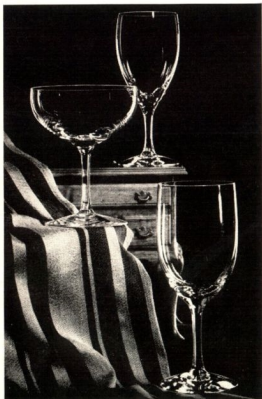
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\*Fostoria Glass Company, Dept. T-48, Moundsville, West Va. • Photo: Silhouette • Sketch: Sculpture

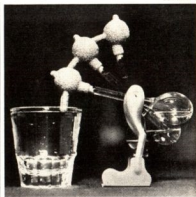
spread a little sunshine by letting us in on the secret.

JAMES M. SMITH

New York City

► Had Einstein stripped the guzzling bird of its plumage, the answer might have been clear. The bird's bottom is actually a sealed bulb containing ethyl ether (or a similar volatile liquid); the bird's head is a smaller bulb, with a tube connecting head to tail. To start the bird dunking, it

SEN MARTIN



is only necessary to wet the head of the bird in its upright position. The cooling action, caused by the water's evaporating, condenses the vapor within the head, creating a slight vacuum. The ethyl ether liquid then pushes up through the tube and into the head, causing the bird to duck downward. When the tube in the tail bulb rises clear of the liquid, the vacuum is broken, and the liquid in the head flows back into the tail, thus righting the bird.—Ed.

Hi-Ho!

Sir: Bringing back *The Lone Ranger* and all the rest [Sept. 4] is a fine idea. But who's the guy who always played the good-bad sheriff on *The Lone Ranger*? You know, the one who always said: "Now here's my plan . . ."

KEN DUGGAN

New York City

► Rollon Parker played the sheriff, as well as the "Old-Timer," who used to say, "Who was that masked man?"—Ed.

Doggie Bags

Sir: Having had occasion to take my meals in U.S. restaurants, my entire sympathy is on the side of the dogs [Sept. 4].

PETER C. ÖMTEVET

Oslo, Norway

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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We started by chipping away at every senseless old idea we could find.

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TIME, SEPTEMBER 18, 1964

## A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer

MOST of TIME's reporting is done by its 90 staff correspondents in 30 bureaus around the world—such as Chicago Bureau Chief Murray Gart, who did the major digging for this week's cover story, and Tokyo Bureau Chief Jerrold Sechter, who covered the International Monetary Fund meeting in Tokyo for **WORLD BUSINESS**. But an important part of our coverage is supplied by more than 300 part-time correspondents—known in the office vocabulary as “stringers”—who report to us from near (Philadelphia) and far (Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia).

Some of the stringers are unexpected types—for example, Dolly Connelly of Bellingham, Wash., a housewife who bakes very good oatmeal-walnut yeast bread, and who is also a freelance journalist who covers her area of the Northwest U.S. with a bright and knowing touch. Most of the part-time correspondents, however, are full-time professional journalists who hold positions of importance in the areas they cover.

Two of the best of our overseas stringers find themselves collaborating these weeks on an international story that has special nuances in their countries: the marriage of Denmark's Princess Anne-Marie to Greece's King Constantine. TIME's man on this story in Copenhagen is Knud Meister (cable address: TIMEISTER), one of Denmark's best-known journalists. A top staff member of Copenhagen's leading daily, Berlingske Tidende, he is also author of many books. For the past year, Meister's daughter, Birgit, 22, who wants to follow in her father's journalistic path in Denmark, has been working for TIME in Manhattan. Watching her progress, and recalling that he has represented TIME in Denmark since 1949, her father has let it be known that he hopes "some day TIME will hire a new stringer, and this time a girl, and that the cable address can then be preserved."



KNUD MEISTER- DENMARK

Our man at the other end of the royal wedding story is Anthony Antonakakis, TIME's representative in Greece since 1956. He is not only a top figure in Greek journalism, as editorial writer for a leading Athens newspaper, but also author of the respected *Democracy in Greece* (in English) and two volumes of history of the French Revolution. His wife, who holds a doctorate in education from Columbia University, is a leader in Greek education.

While *TIME* is essentially U.S.-oriented, and is largely reported, written and edited by staff members who are American citizens, the intimate knowledge that the part-time correspondents abroad have of their countries makes an invaluable contribution to our perspective. In a somewhat different way, our part-time correspondents across the U.S. provide local knowledge and feeling that an outsider might easily miss. The stringers make their contribution not only by what they report directly to the editors and writers in New York, but also in the guidance that they give our traveling correspondents. Many a full-time correspondent, writer and editor has a particularly close knowledge of what a stringer can contribute—because he used to be one himself.

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# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

September 18, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 12

## THE NATION

### THE ECONOMY

#### Bending the Guidelines

Within an hour, 74,000 Chrysler auto workers were scheduled to walk off the job at 47 plants across the U.S., bringing production to a standstill just as the 1965 models were beginning to roll off assembly lines.

Suddenly, the strike was off. After 23 straight hours of haggling in Chrysler's Detroit headquarters, United Auto Workers President Walter Reuther got on the phone to the White House, let Lyndon Johnson know that he had just reached a milestone settlement. The President was delighted, but he wanted to know whether the agreement conformed to the anti-inflationary standards set by his Council of Economic Advisers. "Are the guidelines intact?" asked Lyndon. "Well," replied Reuther, "they're bent a little."

**Historic Agreement.** That was quite an understatement. The current guidelines urge labor to limit wage increases to 3.2%, but the U.A.W.-Chrysler settlement provides nearly 5% in added benefits. The three-year package may cost Chrysler an extra \$30 million a year, and if the still unsettled contracts for Ford (with 130,000 U.A.W. members) and G.M. (with 345,000) are anything like Chrysler's, their costs will be far greater.

The settlement ended ten weeks of hard bargaining, gave Reuther just about everything he asked for. In dollars and cents terms, it was the best auto contract ever. The previous record was set in 1955, when workers got a 45¢ hourly increase in wages and benefits, excluding automatic cost of living increases. The new contract gives them roughly 57¢ an hour more, not counting the cost of living raises.

Jubilant, Reuther hailed it as "the most historic agreement in the history of the American labor movement." More important than the wage increases were benefits in areas that most concern workers these days. By establishing one of the largest pension programs in U.S. industry, the contract permits production workers to retire with a decent income at 55 or 60, opens up jobs for younger workers and eases the impact of automation (see U.S. BUSINESS).

**Good Friday & Birthdays.** Specifically, the new agreement boosts pension benefits for workers who retire at 65

from \$2.80 per month for each year of service to \$4.25. It provides substantial supplemental benefits that will give pensions averaging \$381 per month to workers who retire at 60 after 30 years' service, \$200 or so to those who retire at 55. It gives every worker an additional week of vacation time, adds two extra paid holidays (Good Friday

carry the Dow-Jones average to a historic high of 867.13. As for the agreement's impact on the rest of the U.S. economy, most experts agreed that it might be mildly inflationary but not enough to be alarming. Car prices were not expected to rise because the auto industry, en route to its first 8,000,000-car year, should have no trouble ab-

J. EDWARD BAILEY



REUTHER & CHRYSLER NEGOTIATOR LEARY (LEFT) ANNOUNCING AUTO SETTLEMENT  
*Dollars, holidays and "john time" equaled a home run.*

and the worker's own birthday) to the old total of seven, commits Chrysler to footing the whole bill (instead of half of it) for a worker's life and accident insurance. Finally, it gives assembly-line workers an extra twelve minutes a day of relief time—"john time" in the industry—in addition to the 24 minutes they had been getting.

Relief time may sound like a trivial matter, but workers cherish it as a break from their machines and time for a smoke or a cup of coffee. It was the issue that nearly stymied the negotiations and brought on a strike. To industry officials, it was a question of "less work with more pay," but Reuther argued that workers needed a longer break from the numbing monotony of the assembly line, refused to budge until they got it.

**Swinging for Triples.** After Reuther and Chrysler Vice President John D. Leary announced the settlement, Chrysler stock began climbing, rose 4½ points to a record 63½ by week's end, helped

sorbing the added costs. Auto profits and prospects were good enough, in fact, to make a strong argument that the companies should have passed at least some of the benefits on to consumers in the form of a long-overdue price cut before yielding to labor.

Will Reuther's agreement set a pattern for labor leaders in other, less profitable industries? "Reuther hit a home run," said Harvard Business School Professor John Lintner, "and we're going to see others swinging for triples and doubles when they might have gone only for singles." If that happens, the 3.2% guideline might be broken, not just bent.

Politically, the agreement was a big plus for Lyndon Johnson. The settlement reinforced the general aura of economic wellbeing that pervades the nation, without raising a dire threat of inflation. For another thing, a strike was averted, at least for the moment. And a strike in the capstone auto industry, whose purchases of steel, glass, rubber



L.B.J. INSPECTING HURRICANE DAMAGE  
Beforehand, custard pie.

and a dozen other basic products are so important to the economy's vigor, would surely have done Johnson considerable political harm.

**Double Trouble.** Such a strike remains a possibility. With Chrysler out of the way, the U.A.W. now has to take on Ford and G.M. Ford is expected to come to terms with little trouble, but G.M., traditionally the toughest of the Big Three to crack, may prove the real problem. G.M.'s production workers point to a backlog of 19,450 unresolved demands, most of them for improved working conditions ranging from doors on toilet stalls to relaxed production levels. They are just spoiling for a fight, last week staged short-lived wildcat walkouts at two plants.

With balking workers on one side and tough management bargainers on the other, the U.A.W. thus faces double trouble at G.M. The negotiations are likely to go into October, which is carrying things uncomfortably close to Nov. 3. It is a safe bet that Lyndon Johnson won't be entirely satisfied until he hears Walter Reuther's voice at the other end of the line bringing news of a settlement with G.M.

## THE CAMPAIGN

### Above the Battle

It was at Detroit's Cadillac Square in 1948 that Harry Truman launched his furiously partisan "give-'em-hell" campaign. It was there in 1960 that John F. Kennedy set the tone of his campaign with a passionately partisan pitch for labor's vote. And it was there that Lyndon Johnson went last week to begin his campaign—with a speech that was about as partisan as custard pie.

The President's delivery, to be sure, was in the best stumping style. He flailed his arms, pounded the lectern, shouted so hard his voice broke, leaned so far forward he was practically nose

to nose with front-row listeners. But his words belied his mannerisms. They were carefully calculated as an above-party-politics plea to Republicans and Democrats alike.

**The Dream.** "I have come here today to pledge that if all Americans will stand united we will keep moving," he said. "This country is not going to turn from unity to hostility, from understanding to hate. Today I have come here to call for national unity."

In taking his leader-of-all stance, Johnson often sounds almost scriptural with his cadenced sentences and their sprinkling of Biblical quotations. In what appeared to be an impromptu peroration (actually it was the work of Speechwriter Richard Goodwin) to his Detroit speech, he told how as a boy he had often dreamed under "the scattered Texas sky." What he dreamed, he said, was that "the least among us will find contentment, and the best among us will find greatness, and all of us will respect the dignity of the one and admire the achievements of the other. This is my dream. It concerns the simple wants of people. But this is what America is really all about."

**Soothing Them Over.** Johnson's constant themes are prosperity, peace—and unity. "Let us bring the capitalist and the manager and the worker and the Government to one table to share in the fruits of all our dreams and all of our work," he says. He seeks not to create issues, but to smooth them over. He hopes, for example, to blunt the G.O.P.'s "law-and-order" issue by having the FBI investigate the possibility that "outside agitators" moved in to provoke the riots in the North's Negro ghettos. And he is trying to soften the harsh debate over foreign policy—particularly over the mess in Viet Nam—by creating a bipartisan panel of distinguished private citizens to consult with him on "major international problems."

The President carefully refrains from attacks on the Republican Party as such, avoids mentioning Candidate Goldwater by name. But he leaves no doubt as to his opinion of Goldwater's views. Thus, in Detroit, he challenged Barry's stand on nuclear weapons control by quoting the Bible (*Proverbs* 16:32): "Any man who shares control of such enormous power," said Lyndon, "must remember that 'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.'" Later in the week in Harrisburg, he delivered a harsh attack on extremists, who, he claimed, "demand that you choose a doctrine alien to America—a doctrine that would lead to a tragic convulsion in our foreign relations—a doctrine that flouts the unity of our society and searches for scapegoats among our people."

**On the Job.** Some Democrats wish that Johnson would use even stronger language; they fear that the President's blandness may get boring. But for now,

Johnson sees no reason to get rough. The polls look great, the editorial endorsements are flowing into the Oval Room in great swatches (see *Press*), and he is positively euphoric about his prospects. For the present, he figures his best bet is to leave the obvious partisan politicking to Hubert Humphrey and to present himself as the responsible, nonpartisan man in the White House.

He rarely misses an opportunity to burnish that image. At week's end he took off from Washington on 30 minutes' notice to slog through the muck in hurricane-struck Florida and Georgia. He squeezed in some handshaking and speechmaking along the way, reassured homeowners that "as long as I'm President, when there is any need, I'll meet it." Within hours, he was back at the White House. "We have a job to do here," he tells visitors, "and we are going to try to do that first." And if he can squeeze in a little on-the-job politicking while he's at it, why not?

### In the Thick of It

While Johnson hovered above the battle, Barry Goldwater plunged right into the thick of it last week with a four-day, 4,350-mile swing through seven Western and Midwestern states. Speaking from a makeshift platform over second base in Los Angeles' Dodger Stadium, from a mule-drawn buckboard in Sacramento, and from the stump of a 6-ft.-thick Douglas fir in Eugene, Ore., Barry stayed on the offensive with slashing vigor.

**Welfare v. Crime.** Once in a while he indulged in campaign high jinks, such as in Oregon, Ill., where he wagged a pair of corncocks behind Wife Peggy's ears. But mostly, Barry was all business, and wherever his chartered Boeing 727 jet, the *Yia Bi Kin* (Navajo for House in the Sky), touched down, Goldwater ripped into the Democrats. He accused them of planning



THE GOLDWATERS & ILLINOIS CORNCOCKS  
Next, Hertz rent-a-bombers?



## POLLS: A YEAR TO BE WARY

ONCE in a while, all pollsters should take the kind of beating we took in the primaries, just to maintain equilibrium," says Don Muchmore, board chairman of Opinion Research of California, one of the many polling firms that came a cropper in one or more of this year's presidential primaries.

Looking toward November, the pollsters are unanimous in showing Lyndon Johnson far ahead of Barry Goldwater. But they are nonetheless nervous, partly because of their primary experiences and partly because they just don't like what they see in their statistics. Explains Dr. Peter Rossi, director of the University of Chicago's National Opinion Research Center: "In an election like this, you have a high proportion of the electorate undecided, a high proportion who are normally Republicans and saying they'll vote for Lyndon Johnson, but when they get into the voting booth, they may not be able to do it." Agrees Pollster Oliver Quayle: "Patterns now are not nearly normal. The situation is too volatile to be reliable."

**The Techniques.** As protection against a ruinous misjudgment this year, the individual pollster has only the techniques he has developed or borrowed from his colleagues over the years. They vary considerably from pollster to pollster.

California Pollster Mervin Field is following a trend toward "randomization" in selecting interviewees. He divides California into six regions, on which he collects basic social and economic data. Within each region he assigns interviewers to a few blocks in each county, instructs them to canvass, for example, every third house from the corner, ignoring race, religion, age and income. He insists only that an equal number of men and women be polled. Such random selection, the theory goes, will ensure a good cross section. Declares Field: "You either put your faith in probabilities or not."

This technique contrasts with the long-held theory that interviewers should reach a quota of persons in various categories—poor people, rich people, Republicans, Democrats, etc.—in the same ratio that they exist in the region studied. Lou Harris, Jack Kennedy's favorite pollster, uses randomization, but employs computers to spot-check the reliability of his sampling. If he suspects that his polls did not accurately reflect certain groups, he runs cards, on which the basic characteristics of key election precincts are punched, through a computer until it turns up a precinct that coincides with the types of voters he is worried about. Then he compares that precinct's actual vote with what his polls showed and corrects his sampling for the future.

The nation's most famous pollster, George Gallup, employs randomization, requires a fifty-fifty balance between men and women. His interviewers follow assigned patterns in selecting persons to question. They may be told to seek out the youngest voting-age person in each household on the probability that this will reach a balance of age groups. They skip some corner houses on the theory that corner property is higher-priced and its occupants are likely to be more affluent than their neighbors.

**Probing the Past.** Opinion analysts concede that they have not yet licked one problem likely to make them look bad on Election Day: their inability to assess the probable voter turnout. Explains Richard W. Oudersluys, president of the Detroit-based Market-Opinion Research Co.: "To take the figures from a poll and make them 100% accurate, we would have to have 100% accurate information on voter turnout. Nobody wants to say he doesn't vote. It's not patriotic."

The best the pollsters can do is to press interviewees on their past voting habits. Oliver Quayle automatically eliminates anyone who admits not having voted in the past three national elections. When a person claims that he voted recently or is registered, Pollster John Kraft instructs his interviewers to seek out specific details, such as the place of

registration, and drop any respondent who is vague. Yet such techniques cannot measure the effectiveness of a good political organization in getting out the vote. "Organization can make projections completely unreliable," declares Field. He notes that Goldwater could come close to election this year by holding on to Richard Nixon's Republican vote and, through a good get-out-the-vote organization, adding one-fifth of the 9,000,000 registered Republicans who failed to vote in 1960.

Do people lie to the pollsters? The question is particularly important in a year of such sensitive issues as race relations and "extremism"; yet the pollsters insist that they meet with a remarkable degree of honesty. Kraft contends that a good guarantee against deception is the type of interviewers employed. "The average person is faced with a quite pleasant, well-groomed, middle-aged lady not selling anything," he says. "It's very hard to look at that poor pleasant-faced lady and lie to her."

Yet the pollsters do take elaborate steps to prevent deception. The most common tool is the secret ballot or questionnaire that the respondent fills out himself and inserts in a box. Gallup uses this in about half of his interviews, thus can compare the secret and nonsecret results. Nearly all of the polls ensure anonymity by identifying all interview reports by only a code number once it is submitted.

Another—but more costly—way to determine truthfulness is the depth interview, in which several questions relating to the same point but phrased differently seek out inconsistencies. California Opinion Research uses up to 40 questions to assess the honesty of a respondent on a key point. It tries to measure the white backlash by a series of "rather or rather not" questions, such as: "Would you rather or rather not stand in a grocery line with a Negro? You may, of course, answer that it doesn't matter." Contends Muchmore: "By a series of questions on that theme, you can pinpoint what is going on, and you can pick up fast any backlash."

The 30- to 40-minute depth interview can turn up all kinds of information that more and more political candidates seem to find indispensable in planning their campaigns. Market-Opinion employs what it calls an "eight-part semantic differential questionnaire"—pollster doubletalk for a technique in which a person is offered eight adjectives and asked to circle the one that most closely reflects his attitude toward an issue or a candidate. On a candidate, for example, the words might range from "kind" to "cruel," and the answers can tell a candidate where his public image is weak, where his opponent is vulnerable. The California Poll allows respondents to select any of 23 traits to describe a candidate.

**The Costs.** The pollsters' product does not come cheap. Prices range from \$3 to \$7 an interview, depending upon their scheduled length. A Congressman may buy a 500-interview survey of his district for about \$2,500. The Republican National Committee employs Princeton's Opinion Research Corp. for much of its polling, pays about \$6,000 for a 2,000-sample study of a state as large as Massachusetts. Gallup requires 1,500 interviews for a national survey. For a nationwide depth study, a party may have to pay as much as \$30,000. Jack Kennedy reportedly spent \$1,000,000 on Lou Harris' polls in 1959-60.

Are the polls reliable enough to be worth such costs? In probing general attitudes toward candidates and issues, they undoubtedly come close enough to be of value to campaign strategists. When it comes to calling elections, most of the pollsters insist that they do not make predictions, merely measure the popularity of candidates at a given point in time. In the post-mortems they are, of course, the first to boast when they hit one right. But that seems fair enough, since they take a beating when they are wrong. And that is what has them worried this year, which may well be, as Chicago's Rossi warns, "one for the pollsters to be wary."



to dismantle U.S. defenses, joked that the Air Force might soon need "Hertz rent-a-bombers," repeatedly attacked Lyndon Johnson for listing prosperity, justice and peace, "but not freedom," as his goals for the U.S.

Sensing that his "law-and-order" theme is catching hold, he blamed Democratic "welfare state" attitudes for a nationwide crime increase (see story on page 38). "If it is entirely proper for Government to take from some to give to others," he asked, "then won't some be led to believe that they can rightfully take from anyone who has more than they?" Referring to the civil rights bill, he declared: "The more the Federal Government has attempted to legislate morality, the more it actually has incited hatreds and violence."

Even though he lacked any solid evidence to back up his charge, Gold-

In Los Angeles, Barry advanced a proposal that made headlines all over the U.S.—an automatic 5% cut in income-tax payments each year for five years. "As our economy grows," said Goldwater, "the amount of taxes collected by the Government has grown even faster." The added money could be used to pay off debts, he added, but instead, "new schemes have been dreamed up to spend the increase." Barry admitted that he voted against a more modest tax cut only six months ago, but he explained that he had done so only because it was a "politically motivated" gimmick designed to create "an artificial boom that would carry at least past election time."

"Classical Liberals." Barry's tax-cut proposal was framed chiefly by two conservative economists who style themselves "classical liberals" in the Adam

Smith tradition. One is the University of Chicago's Milton Friedman, 52, a brainy, Brooklyn-born theorist who suggested the idea to Barry after reading a speech on the subject by Arthur Burns, onetime chairman of Dwight Eisenhower's Council of Economic Advisers. According to Friedman, if half of the normal, \$6 billion increase in tax revenues were applied to a tax cut, "you can provide for a 5% across-the-board reduction, or roughly \$3 billion a year."

The other major architect was the University of Virginia's G. Warren Nutter, 41, now a fulltime member of Goldwater's research staff. Nutter, the author of a massive, 700-page study of Soviet industry that questions whether the Russians will ever catch up to the U.S. in industrial output, was chiefly responsible for framing the specific terms of the proposal.

**Impeach Earl Warren?** In his parting shot of the week, Goldwater bitterly attacked the Supreme Court of the U.S.

Speaking to 1,500 members of the American Political Science Association in Chicago, he accused the court of usurping power. "Of all three branches of Government," he said, "today's Supreme Court is the least faithful to the constitutional tradition of a limited government and to the principle of legitimacy in the exercise of power."

In its recent decisions on reapportionment and school prayer, he added, the court betrayed a clear lack of "judicial restraint."

In a sense, Goldwater certainly had a point: there are plenty of Americans who feel that the Supreme Court has considerably overstepped itself; that it has been legislating as well as interpreting the law. But Goldwater's charges were of dubious political value. It seemed unlikely that they would bring into his fold anyone who had not long since been convinced of Supreme Court intrusions into the realm of Congress. And to the great majority of the population, the court remains a revered institution, one not to be lightly attacked—as Franklin Roosevelt, to his great discomfiture, learned in 1937.

**Mixing It Up**  
Sometimes the prelim boys put on a tougher fight than the main events, and last week Hubert Humphrey and William Miller were flailing about on all sides. Not all the blows were above the belt line.

Opening his formal campaign in home-town Lockport, N.Y., with Barry Goldwater at his side, Republican Miller laced into Humphrey's ties with that "most influential of the radical leftist groups in Washington," the Americans for Democratic Action. Humphrey was a founder of A.D.A., and until last week a vice chairman. He resigned that office, but retained his membership. "I think we have made some headway," cried Miller. "Hubert Humphrey at long last has finally resigned as vice chairman of A.D.A. Maybe he will resign as vice-presidential candidate of the Democratic Party."

Miller used material gathered by former House Un-American Activities Committee Researcher Fulton Lewis III to intimate that Humphrey personally favors every position ever taken by A.D.A., such as recognition of Red China, readmission of Cuba to the Organization of American States, "total abandonment of the Panama Canal," and turning Berlin over to the United Nations.

When Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield protested in a Senate speech that Humphrey actually opposed such positions and Arkansas Democrat William Fulbright fulminated that Miller was guilty of "foul-mouthed vituperation," Miller turned furiously upon Fulbright, calling him "an apostle of retreat," "an advocate of accommodation," and a man who "spews forth venomous predictions."



HUMPHREY & WIFE MURIEL IN SOUTH DAKOTA MOTORCADE  
The audience loved to sing along.

water claimed that the Kennedy Administration had deliberately delayed acting in the Cuban missile crisis so as to influence the 1962 congressional elections, implied that Lyndon Johnson might try to rig a pre-November international crisis for the same purpose. That came at just about the same time that the Johnson Administration let it be known that all Cabinet officers except the Secretaries of Defense, State and the Treasury would be taking to the stump this fall. It also happens that both Dean Rusk and Robert McNamara have long since been campaigning from within their own offices, issuing instant replies to every criticism Goldwater has made of their departments. Now Rusk called a press conference. "I can assure you," he said sarcastically, "that the Democratic National Committee has not made arrangements with Indonesia to drop parachutists into Malaysia, or with the rebels to occupy Stanleyville in the Congo."

The audience loved to sing along.

Impeach Earl Warren? In his parting shot of the week, Goldwater bitterly attacked the Supreme Court of the U.S.

"Something Very Odd." In the course of campaigning in eight states, Miller also blistered Adlai Stevenson ("He wouldn't stay in our Administration five seconds"), Defense Secretary Robert McNamara ("You can't wage war today on a computer system"), and Lyndon Johnson's Austin TV station fortune ("There is certainly something very odd when you make it as a result of having a monopoly in a city within an industry that is controlled by the Government itself").

In economically depressed South Bend, Ind., where foreign-born and first-generation Americans make up 23% of the population, Miller assailed any liberalization of immigration quotas. He declared that a Johnson Administration bill would "open the floodgates for any and all who wish to come and find work in this country" and would increase immigration next year "threefold." Actually, Miller was wrong on what the Administration's bill, now pending in House and Senate subcommittees, would do. It would drop nationality quotas, easing immigration for persons of needed skills, but would retain an overall quota. It would allow an increase of only 8,000 immigrants next year.

The Refrain. Humphrey, on the other hand, all but ignored Miller, concentrated his attack on Barry Goldwater. A good man with a gimmick, Humphrey continued to rival Mitch Miller in his ability to get audiences to sing along with his already familiar Atlantic City refrain: "But not Senator Goldwater."

Humphrey's writers are prepared to tick off Goldwater views that will offend some special-interest group wherever Humphrey goes. Thus in urban Jamesburg, N.J., Humphrey zeroed in on Goldwater's negative votes on mass-transit and housing bills. "Most Senators voted to . . .", Humphrey began each indictment, then injected a sing-song "bu-u-ut," which was all his listeners needed as a cue to roar: "Not Senator Goldwater." A beaming Humphrey would add: "Very good—you're all getting A." In Youngstown, Ohio, he delighted his audience with the line: "And I tell you most Americans will vote for Lyndon Johnson . . . But not Senator Goldwater."

In tiny Doland, S. Dak. (pop. 500), where he had grown up and was known affectionately as "Pinky," Humphrey received a sentimental reception that moved him to tears—and to a performance that made him sound almost like Lyndon speaking of his own home town. "We need to set an example in America of how we can reconcile our differences and still be different," Humphrey said, "of how we can have unity without unanimity, of how we can disagree without being disagreeable to one another. Possibly Main Street in Doland is the best place to talk about building a community of free men. You don't defend freedom in Washington alone. You defend it here by what you do, what you believe, what you say, and how you live."

## ILLINOIS

### Through a Lens Brightly

(See Cover)

"There've been a great many boys begin as low down as you, Dick, that have grown up respectable and honored. But they had to work pretty hard for it."

"I'm willin' to work hard," said Dick.

"And you must not only work hard, but work in the right way."

"What's the right way?"

"You began in the right way when you determined never to steal, or do anything mean or dishonorable, however strongly tempted to do so. That will make people have confidence in

and have some fun?" inquired the lad solicitously, as was his warm and friendly fashion.

"Young man," responded the kindly gentleman soberly, "I own this business. It is all mine. This is my fun."

Mr. Silverstein and his delicatessen have since passed into oblivion. But Charles Harting Percy did not. He applied himself, worked hard and persevered, and by dint of luck and pluck became a wealthy, successful businessman who is now the Republican candidate for Governor in his home state of Illinois, and—who knows?—may become something even bigger before he turns 50. To this day, Percy recalls his conversation with Mr. Silverstein. "I've



CANDIDATE PERCY ON THE ROSTRUM IN PONTIAC, ILL.

"Never to steal or do anything mean or dishonorable."

you when they come to know you. But, in order to succeed well, you must manage to get as good an education as you can. Until you do, you cannot get a position in an office or counting-room, even to run errands."

"That's so," said Dick, soberly. "I never thought how awful ignorant I was till now."

"That can be remedied with perseverance," said Frank. "A year will do a great deal for you."

"I'll go to work and see what I can do," said Dick energetically.

—Ragged Dick; or, Street Life in New York with the Bootblacks, by Horatio Alger Jr.

In the days of his youth, Chuck Percy befriended a kindly gentleman by the name of Mr. Silverstein, the proprietor of the corner delicatessen. Chuck, a curious and observant boy, noticed that Mr. Silverstein rarely closed his place of business.

"Mr. Silverstein, sir, don't you ever close your place of business and go out

never forgotten this," he says, "because he was right. It's fun working when you're working for yourself. Having your own equity, working your own business, having a feeling that what you're doing is building something for yourself—these things are important. I found that out."

Golly! Chuck Percy really looks and acts the part of the Algeresque hero. He is 45 years old this month, but he has the mien of a boyish 30. He has frank brown eyes, a frank, open face, a trim, exercise-toned body (5 ft. 8 in., 165 lbs.). He is hard-working, fun-loving, self-disciplined and perfectly organized. He reads deep-think books, takes religion, politics and self-improvement seriously. He is a Christian Scientist. He neither smokes nor drinks. He prefaces his sentences with "Golly!" and "Gosh!" and "Gol darn it!" and when he once said "Damn!" his friends thought the walls were about to come tumbling down. When one of his innumerable plans or projects goes sour,

he simply shrugs and says: "Well, we've got a lemon. Now let's see if we can make lemonade."

In a day and age when traditional virtues are often the subject of scorn, Percy is suspect to many. A political adviser recently told him that it was to his disadvantage to be considered "too good to be true." Percy just laughed. "Well," he said, "that's my imperfection." Recalling his remarkable business career, some critics think of him as an opportunistic Boy Scout who likes to help little old ladies across the street and into the bank. "This little pipsqueak," says a man who knows him, "is just too damned ambitious. It'll get him in the end."

**Strong Cadres.** Percy's wife Loraine understandably takes another view. "Chuck," she says, "just likes to think he's making a better world." Indeed he does. That is precisely why he is running for Governor. He has a deep, dogged idealism and a relentless energy that have brought refreshing excitement to Illinois politics. As a result, Percy has become a front-line soldier on the Midwestern battleground that may be crucial in Election Year 1964.

If Barry Goldwater is to stand even the slightest chance in November, he must carry the Midwest, once, but not any longer, an unassailable bastion of Republicanism. Goldwater has strong cadres of Midwestern strength, but most indicators show him trailing President Johnson in general popularity; moreover, Hubert Humphrey, a founder of Minnesota's Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party, figures to be a definite Midwestern asset to the national Democratic ticket

(a proposition subject to some conjecture by those who recall that John Kennedy beat him in the 1960 Wisconsin primary).

In any event, Goldwater plainly needs help in the form of strong showings by Midwestern state candidates, such as Ohio's Representative Robert Taft Jr., now running for the Senate against Incumbent Democrat Steve Young; Indiana's Lieutenant Governor Richard Ristine, currently favored to win the statehouse back from the Democrats; Wisconsin's Gubernatorial Candidate Warren Knowles, a definite threat against Incumbent Democrat John Reynolds; and even Michigan's Republican Governor George Romney, who despite his announced distaste for the Goldwater candidacy could, in the event of a sweeping personal victory for reelection, bring along a decisive number of straight-ticket voters.

Of all these Midwestern states, Illinois is the most populous (10,437,000), the richest, the most diverse and the most influential. It is also the Midwestern state in which the Republican candidate for Governor is waging the most energetic campaign of all against what would seem to be—on paper—fairly long odds.

**Urban Salesman.** Percy got his energetic nature from his Chicago-born mother Elizabeth, who is 71, and who only recently gave up her bicycle. "She has not, however, forsaken the violin, which she has been playing ardently for more than 50 years. She still practices several hours a day, and while Chuck is campaigning, she likes to go with him to entertain the crowds with a rendition of *Perpetual Motion* or *Maria Wiegand*."

A chamber-music player of some talent, Elizabeth was touring the U.S. with a string quartet when she met Edward Percy in Pensacola, Fla. They got married, settled down there for a few years, and in 1920, six months after Chuck was born, moved to Rogers Park in Chicago. There Father Percy did well as a bank cashier, and Chuck soon learned the value of a buck. At age five, he began earning his first regular income by selling magazines, and not long afterward got his first accolade: a plaque honoring him for selling "more *Country Gentlemen* to city people than any other urban salesman in the United States."

**On Relief.** Then, in the best Alger tradition, adversity sprinkled spikes along the road to success. The Depression hit, and in 1931 Edward Percy lost his job when his employers' bank failed. "Living through those years," says Chuck, "was the best thing that ever happened to me. What had been fun before became a strong necessity." The Christian Scientist Percy family staved off despair with resolution borne by faith. Though Edward Percy found jobs

here and there, the family had to go on relief. The welfare truck used to deliver food to the family through the alleyway behind the Percy house. "In fact," says Chuck, "it was the occasion when the truck dropped off an extra 100 lbs. of flour and sugar that put our family into the bakery business. I sold homemade cookies door-to-door and got up at 3:30 a.m. to deliver newspapers."

In the mid-'30s, luck rewarded pluck. Chuck's Christian Science Sunday-school teacher was Joseph McNabb, a benignly despotic sort of fellow who was president of a small movie-camera company, Bell & Howell. Through Chuck, McNabb came to know and like the Percy family, gave Edward a job (from which he retired, as office manager, at 73; he died at 75 in 1959). Chuck himself got a summer job at Bell & Howell, and it was there, under Joe McNabb's tutelage, that Chuck found his star.

McNabb's protégé did himself proud not only in those summer jobs at Bell & Howell but also at the University of Chicago. An excellent swimmer, he became captain of the water-polo team; he was president of his fraternity and of the interfraternity council.

While majoring in economics, Percy devoted himself to the practical application of that inexact science. Of course he waited on tables. But he also took over and expanded a cooperative purchasing operation for all the fraternities, ran it into a highly profitable enterprise. He assumed management of the libraries in all the men's residence halls. He recruited students for an association of small colleges, got 5¢ for the name of every high-school student that he submitted and \$10 for each of these who actually entered. Business got so good that Chuck subcontracted the job to some of his fellow university students, paid them 3¢ a name and \$5 per college entry.

So hectic was Percy's extracurricular pace that his grades suffered (he graduated with a C average), and University Chancellor Robert Hutchins was once moved to admonish him: "You're exactly the kind of student I'm trying to keep out of the university." But in later years Hutchins recalled Percy as the "richest boy who ever worked his way through college." He had a point: in his senior year at the university, Chuck grossed \$150,000 from his business enterprises, netted \$10,000.

**Hymns & Games.** When Percy graduated in 1941, a fulltime job was waiting for him at Bell & Howell. Joe McNabb put him in charge of the company's newborn defense-contracts department. Two years later Chuck joined the Navy, where his business experience led to a post in procurement operations.

During his three-year Navy career, Percy married Jeanne Dickerson, daughter of a Chicago plumbing contractor. They had three children—twin girls and a boy. Percy meanwhile had returned to Bell & Howell, become McNabb's right-hand man and been named



© Actually, she only lent it out to her granddaughter after exacting the promise that it would be returned.





PERCY'S HOME IN KENILWORTH, ILL.

Weenie Mouse and Meenie Mouse, but no cigarettes or booze.

to the board of directors—at 23. In 1947 Jeanne, who was not a Christian Scientist, underwent an operation for ulcerative colitis that was deemed successful. Still, her doctors recommended a second operation. This one brought on complications. Jeanne was given penicillin, to which she suffered adverse reactions. Other drugs were tried, but to no avail. After his wife died, Chuck agreed to an autopsy. According to Percy, the physicians concluded that she had died not of her original ailment, but of a reaction to the drugs.

For a long time thereafter, Percy lost himself in his work, took the children with him whenever he traveled out of town on business. In 1950, after an 18-month courtship, he married Loraine Diane Guyer, whom he had met on the ski slopes of Sun Valley. Percy has two children by his second marriage, and his family life strongly reflects his penchant for organization. The Percys live in a sprawling lake-front home in Kenilworth, north of Chicago. There is swimming in the family pool, which is enclosed in a special wing of the house. There are hymn singing ("We like to start the morning with a song"), Bible study, prayers, discussion periods, cycling, speed-reading projects, games and storytelling. Chuck's specialty: spinning little fantasies about "Weenie Mouse" and "Meenie Mouse" for his son Mark.

**A Setback.** Percy's postwar rise at Bell & Howell astonished the Illinois business community. He so impressed Joe McNabb that when the old man died, he left a kind of corporate will designating Percy his successor. As a result, Chuck was elevated to the presidency at 29, and along with that, picked up options on 25,000 shares of stock at \$5 less than market value; the stock is now worth \$550,000. Against an avalanche of foreign cameras in the U.S. market, Percy diversified the company, put it into electronics and business machines, saw its annual sales volume grow from \$13 million to \$160 million.

Even as a captain of industry, Chuck Percy's horizons have always been

wider and brighter than his company's best lens could encompass. He was always fascinated by politics. In 1955 he took charge of the United Republican Fund of Illinois, developed a pattern of party fund raising on a broad base; in 1957 he became vice chairman of the Republican National Finance Committee. In 1959 he headed Dwight Eisenhower's 42-man committee charged with the responsibility of drawing up a blueprint of party goals. In 1960 he became chairman of the G.O.P. National Convention's Platform Committee—which turned out to be a humiliating experience. Committee conservatives, enraged by what they considered to be Dick Nixon's platform "surrender" to Nelson Rockefeller, rebelled. Percy simply was not seasoned enough to put down the revolt, and toward the end he was relieved of the chairmanship by Wisconsin's Congressman Mel Laird.

**Toward the Slum.** That setback only whetted Percy's taste for politics. By 1962 he had moved up to chairman of the Bell & Howell executive board, and the prospering company demanded less of his time. "I was approached by a number of people who asked me if I would go into public life," he recalls. "It wasn't quite a draft, but it was something like that. I was really encouraged by a lot of people. On the governorship, if I'd waited for a draft, I'd have waited forever."

A Percy friend, William "Pat" Patterson, chief executive officer of United Air Lines and a Bell & Howell board director, urged him against running for Governor, suggested that he wait until 1966 and run for the U.S. Senate against Paul Douglas. "Springfield is no place for you, Chuck," Patterson said. "It's a slum. It's a place where there's nowhere to go but down."

To Chuck Percy, that was a challenge—and he has never failed to respond to a challenge. Says Percy: "I think I probably decided right then I'd run for Governor. If state government was held in that kind of ill repute by responsible leaders of our society, it



CANDIDATE & FAMILY\*

was something that badly needed attention and leadership." Thus, in July 1963, Percy announced his candidacy for Governor, chucked his family into a "Chuckwagon" and began campaigning.

**Percy's Purge.** He had a long way to go. Barry Goldwater was the clear presidential choice of Illinois Republicans, and Barry's backers were suspicious of progressive-minded Chuck Percy. Leading in the campaign was amiable, conservative Secretary of State Charles Carpenter. But last January Carpenter suffered a heart attack; in April he died at age 67. Into the race swept State Treasurer William Scott, 37, a strong Goldwater supporter, who accused Percy of everything, from being in cahoots with Chicago mobsters to being soft on Communism. To blunt the charge that he was anti-Goldwater, Percy, for his part, publicly pledged that at the G.O.P. National Convention he would vote with the majority of the Illinois delegation—for Barry. On primary day last April, Percy swamped Scott.

He immediately set about proving that though he might be a do-gooder, he could play rough-and-tumble politics with the best—and against the worst—of them. The balance of power in Illinois' closely divided state house of representatives has long been held by a handful of Republicans from Chicago's West Side who actually owe their political allegiance to the city's Democratic Mayor Richard Daley. Among other things, the members of the so-called "West Side Bloc," both Republican and Democratic, were notorious for voting against anti-crime legislation.

Gubernatorial Nominee Percy wanted to rid his party of its West Side Bloccmen. He saw his chance in an astonishing political situation. Owing to

\* The Percys, from left: Roger, 17; Gail, 11; Mrs. Percy; Chuck; Mark, 9; Sharon, 19; Sharon's twin sister Valerie is away at school in France.



self-defeating political maneuvers, Illinois did not redraw its house districts as required by the state constitution. Thus candidates for all 177 house seats this year must run in a statewide, at-large election. Both Democrats and Republicans have nominated only 118 candidates for those seats, so that neither party will be able to elect more than a two-thirds majority.

Since Illinois' paper ballots will be about the size of a bed sheet, the situation strongly favors straight-ticket voting, and it is conceivable that the winning party will send to Springfield its entire slate of candidates. Percy wanted the Republican slate to be a clean one—which meant, at the very least, purging the West Side Blocmen. And at a state G.O.P. convention in June, he all but read the undesirables out of the party. Rarely have such howls been heard. "You may be dynamic, Mr. Percy," cried one purger, "but you'd better learn how to aim the dynamite!" Warned another: "You who execute me today will never wash the blood off your hands!" But the purge proceeded successfully.

**Fumbles.** That freed Percy to turn his fulltime attention and limitless energies to his campaign against Democratic Governor Otto Kerner, 56, a handsome, likable man who was hand-picked by Chicago's Boss Daley. As Governor since 1960, Kerner has a good record on civil rights, can point to advances in the field of mental health, savings in Illinois' huge public-aid expenditures. But he has fumbled badly in efforts to reform Illinois' archaic tax structure, and not even his fellow Democrats would accuse him of being a dynamic leader. Said onetime Chicago

Boss Jake Arvey recently in an unguarded moment: "Otto Kerner is an awful nice fellow, but I do wish he had some of Chuck Percy's brains."

Most of all, Kerner is vulnerable to the charge of being a Daley stooge, and that is the theme Percy has played endlessly in the campaign. So far, Percy has traveled more than 200,000 miles through the state, visited every one of the 102 counties at least once, and more than half of them several times. He has appeared at no fewer than 70 local fairs, attended more than 2,000 rallies, dinners and other functions. When Barry Goldwater turned up in Illinois last week, Percy was there to introduce him to a local audience, but took his leave as soon as he decently could.

**The Federal Balance.** The reason is fairly obvious to those who have observed Percy over the years: he and Goldwater are miles apart on many issues. Percy, for example, reflects the tone and content of the 1960 Republican platform, which is more moderate than the Goldwater platform. Though Percy opposes an open-occupancy law in Illinois, his position on civil rights is far more liberal than Goldwater's.

Just before the Senate voted on the 1964 Civil Rights Act last June, Percy announced that "if I were in the Senate, I would vote for the bill." The 1959 committee on goals for Republicans that Percy chaired for Eisenhower took a view that was in general more moderate than Goldwater's; it endorsed low tariffs, cultural exchange and trade with Communist countries.

In his gubernatorial campaign, though, Percy has been sticking strictly to state and local issues. He has nailed Kerner for shortsightedness in planning state aid to schools (which runs about 20% of school costs v. a national average of 40%), for failure to cope with Chicago's notorious crime record, and for overall governmental inefficiency, with special emphasis on Illinois' outmoded tax programs. One recurrent Percy theme concerns the need for stronger state government. "For many years now," he says, "we have been hearing complaints about the erosion of states' rights and states' power, and the accompanying growth of national power. State government is everywhere in bad repute, in Illinois as well as in other states of the Union. The federal balance is in jeopardy because of the inability and the unwillingness of the states to assume their proper duty. I, for one, am ready to suggest that we stop begging for states' rights and begin fulfilling states' responsibility."

Typically, Percy runs a high-gear organization. It is directed by a young (35) Burlington Railroad attorney named Tom Hauser, consists of eight departments, each headed by its own chief. One department provides position papers and speech drafts. Another takes care of organizing "Businessmen for Percy" and "Doctors for Percy." Another handles liaison among state



DIRKSEN & PERCY

*Obstacles, but opportunity beckoned.*

candidates, and still another, public relations. There is even a department called "The Office of Take-Over," which is working out details on jobs and legislative programs against the day that Percy moves into the Statehouse.

**A Few Obstacles.** Will the Office of Take-Over ever see its plans bear fruit? In what appears to be a generally Democratic year, only an optimist would rate Percy's chances at better than even. Governor Kerner has accused Percy of letting his ambition overrule his conscience in his support of Goldwater. Chicago's 976,000 Negroes are solidly anti-Goldwater and seem certain to vote a straight Democratic ticket despite Percy's progressive stand on civil rights. Another Percy headache arises from Illinois' voter-assistance law, which permits officials to help voters make out their ballots. Says Percy Aide Hauser: "In 1,500 Chicago precincts, you've got to watch like a hawk, since only in a few are there any real Republican judges. Usually the Republican judges are Democrats listed as Republicans." Adds Percy: "Voter assistance is automatically worth between 60,000 and 100,000 votes to the Democrats."

Then, too, some voters are concerned lest Percy's Christian Science attitudes affect his public policies, particularly in the field of health and welfare. Percy's reply: "In matters of personal health, I don't see doctors and I don't take drugs. But on the occasions it's required—for insurance, for school and so forth—the children are seen by a pediatrician. All of us, of course, see a dentist or an eye doctor. If Loraine breaks an ankle or falls from a horse, she has the ankle set by a doctor or has a doctor determine if she has broken a rib. There's nothing that would prevent me from making any decision relating to public health that would not be in the best interests of the public, giving Illinois the best possible medical and mental-health programs."

If, against all the obstacles, Chuck



GOVERNOR KERNER & MAYOR DALEY  
*Likable, but no leader.*

Percy should win in November, he will automatically take his place in the front rank of the national Republican Party. If, at the same time, Barry Goldwater loses, Percy would immediately become the subject of presidential speculation for 1968. That, of course, is a long way off, but the possibility has not escaped some sharp political eyes. In 1962 Chuck testified on reciprocal trade before a House committee in Washington. While he was in town, he stopped off at the White House to chat with President John Kennedy. Kennedy was considerably impressed by Percy. Later, in an informal conversation with Illinois' Republican Senator Everett Dirksen, the President asked, "What does Percy want?"

"You ought to know," replied Ev. "I don't know," insisted Kennedy.

Said Dirksen: "He wants to sit in that very seat that you're sitting in."

Horatio Alger could do no better by any of his heroes.

## THE CONGRESS

### The Dirksen Breather

Illinois' Everett Dirksen knelt in an aisle of the U.S. Senate chamber last week, flung out his arms and pealed: "It's like getting down on your knees and saying 'Please, Mr. Court.'" He got back up on his feet and roared, "I will not beg!"

It was Ev's way of saying again that he is profoundly opposed to a June 15 Supreme Court decision ordering states to reapportion their entire legislatures on the basis of population—the "one man, one vote" principle. To Dirksen, arguments about that issue are "hog-wash" and the only question is "whether the Federal Government—in this case the judicial branch—under the Constitution has the right and the authority to dictate the composition of state legislatures." Dirksen called on his colleagues to back the "Dirksen breather"—a rider attached to the \$3.3 billion foreign aid bill that would delay states' compliance with the court ruling for two years. In the interim, Dirksen meant to promote a constitutional amendment permanently preventing federal courts from ruling on state legislative apportionment.

Some Senate liberals, mostly Democrats but with the backing of a handful of Republicans, were filibustering against the Dirksen rider. When Dirksen tried to invoke cloture, he failed. The filibustering liberals were joined in their nay votes by Southern Democrats who, although for the rider, defend filibusters as a matter of principle. Therefore the cloture motion lost, 63 to 30. The vote plainly did not reflect Senate sentiment about the Dirksen breather, as such, and on a subsequent motion to kill Dirksen's rider for good by tabling it, 49 Senators voted to keep it alive, with 38 against it.

That meant that some action had to be taken on Ev's motion before Congress adjourns this year, and Dirksen, who is not up for re-election, seemed

to be in no great hurry. "I can stay here until Christmas," he said. "This issue will have to be resolved."

Such a prospect appalled the Johnson Administration, and the President gave the word to Hubert Humphrey. Hubert promptly announced support of a compromise resolution already introduced in the Senate by New York Republican Jacob Javits and Minnesota Democrat Eugene McCarthy.

This resolution would merely declare it to be the "sense of Congress" that the states should have "adequate time" to conform to the Supreme Court's decision. That compromise was less than palatable to many Senators—if only because of their deep-seated suspicion that the federal court system, taking its cue from the Supreme Court, will care little about the "sense of Congress."

lotti. But Bellotti, 41, a scrappy Quincy lawyer with twelve children, ignored his convention defeat, entered the Democratic primary against Chub, scrambled energetically over the state tightening ties with local Democratic organizations—something Peabody had ignored. On the stump, Bellotti boasted of his impoverished boyhood, proudly told Democrats: "My college education, my house, my car, everything that I am and have, came as a result of Democratic-sponsored social legislation."

Ivy Leaguer Peabody could not match that, instead countered with a strong public endorsement from Senator Teddy Kennedy, hospitalized in Boston with a broken back. Even the Kennedy magic didn't help. When the votes were counted last week, Bellotti had won—363,243 to 335,620. He will run



MASSACHUSETTS' BELLOTTI & FAMILY  
The All-America lost to a scrappy second-stringer.

## PRIMARIES

### So Long, Chub

It was a political upset two years ago when everybody's 1941 All-America guard from Harvard, Endicott ("Chub") Peabody, was elected Governor of Massachusetts by a skin-thin margin over Republican Incumbent John Volpe. But there he was—tall, seedily handsome, fumbling through his prepared speeches as if he had just caught a linebacker's elbow between the eyes.

He bounced into the Statehouse full of zeal, immediately made a bad mistake by trying, and failing, to purge powerful House Speaker John ("Iron Duke") Thompson. He also lost political points by urging that Massachusetts should abolish the death penalty—at a time when several policemen had been shot to death and the Boston strangler continued his murder spree.

Still, Peabody was easily renominated at the state Democratic convention in July, beating out his own rebellious lieutenant governor, Francis Xavier Bel-

lotti against John Volpe, who got the Republican nomination without opposition.

To add irony to Chub Peabody's humiliation, the unpurgeable Speaker John Thompson was renominated for his legislative seat—despite the fact that he was indicted in May on 70 counts of conspiracy and bribery.

In other primary results last week:

► **New Hampshire.** Former State Representative John Pillsbury, 46, was nominated by Republicans to oppose Democrat John King, 47, in a rematch of the 1962 election. Supremely confident Democrats urged Republicans to write in King's name on their primary ballot since he was unopposed within his own party. King wound up third in a field of seven Republicans, trailing only Pillsbury and temperamental former Governor Wesley Powell, who announced he would now go into "forced retirement" from politics.

► **Arizona.** Republicans nominated former Goldwater Campaign Field Director Richard Kleindienst, 41, for Governor, and three-term Governor Paul

Fannin, 57, to run for Goldwater's U.S. Senate seat. Both could have tough going in November. Kleindienst faces Democrat Sam Goldard, a Tucson lawyer who lost narrowly to Fannin in 1962. Fannin must run against a bright newcomer, Democrat Roy L. Elson, 33, a former aide to Arizona Senator Carl Hayden who won handily over six other Democrats with Hayden's powerful machine in support.

## YOUTH

### Running Wild

At Seaside, Ore., some 2,000 teenagers rioted over the Labor Day weekend. At Hampton Beach, N.H., police estimated that there were as many as 10,000 disorderly young people. At Grand Bend, Ont., there were 600, and resorts all over the country experienced some degree of vacation-end violence at the hands of the young. But even more disturbing were some crime statistics released by the Federal Bureau



FARMERS CHARGE LIVESTOCK TRUCK



VICTIMS' BODIES

Not in 1959, 1961 or 1962, but maybe in 1964.

**Barney Battle Plans.** Bonduel was no isolated incident. It was one result of a militant livestock-farmers' crusade unleashed on Aug. 19 by the National Farmers Organization (estimated membership: 100,000) in 23 states. Hatched by N.F.O. President Oren Lee Staley, 41, onetime Missouri farmer turned big-league farm organizer, the scheme called for thousands of livestock men to withhold their products in a massive market boycott that would eventually boost meat prices all over the U.S. Then, as Staley planned it, he would negotiate long-term, high-priced contracts with meat packers on behalf of legions of farmers. Staley had tried the same thing in 1959, 1961 and 1962 and failed; as soon as prices climbed slightly because of the boycott, profit-smelling non-N.F.O. farmers had rushed in to take advantage of the rise, quickly driven prices right back down.

Still smarting from those experiences, N.F.O. adherents this time set out to make their boycott stick. Besides Bon-



MUELLER (IN PLAID SHIRT) IN CUSTODY

of Investigation, which indicate that teen-agers were up to a lot more than throwing bricks and beer cans. Items: ▶ Teen-agers account for 63% of all U.S. auto-theft arrests (88% of all car thieves arrested are under 25), and arrests for auto theft increased 13% last year.

▶ For all criminal acts, excluding traffic offenses, the arrests of youths under 18 increased by 11% in 1963. In suburban areas the increase in across-the-board teen-age criminality was 15%.

▶ For crimes in the categories of criminal homicide, forcible rape, robbery, aggravated assault, burglary, larceny and auto theft, youngsters under 18 accounted for 46% of all arrests in 1963. In the suburbs the rate was 51%.

▶ In the first six months of 1964, serious crime in the U.S. increased 15% over the same half year in 1963. In the suburbs—where many parents have moved "for the sake of their children"—the increase was a whopping 23%.

## AGRICULTURE

### Violence off the Streets

Despite an off and on drizzle, a cluster of farmers at the gates of the Equity Cooperative Livestock Sales Association yards in tiny (pop. 800) Bonduel, Wis., soon grew into an unruly crowd of 500. Many came direct from their dawn-time chores, still unshaven and wearing sty-stained overalls. They were there to halt—by force if necessary—all livestock deliveries that day.

"Murderer!" Whenever a truckload of livestock approached Equity gates, the angry farmers massed together, blocked the driveway, sometimes violently rocked the truck. Nearly 20 trucks turned back; other drivers prudently pulled off the highway to wait it all out. But Ivan Mueller, 40, a Cecil, Wis., hauler, drove his Ford truck

steadily down State Highway 117. A pistol lay on the seat beside him. He swung into the Equity driveway and stopped a few feet from the gates.

As the crowd closed in crying, "Take it back. Go home!" Mueller sat still. "Tip him over!" came the roar. A few sheriff's deputies and state troopers were on hand by then. They cleared a narrow path through the mass, ordered the gates opened. Mueller inched forward. Men in the crowd were pressed tight between the slowly moving truck and a fence. Suddenly, two men—Melvin Cummings, 43, and Howard Falk, 64—fell beneath the truck's rear wheels. Both were killed.

The crowd charged into the Equity yard after Mueller, shouting "Murderer!" Men swarmed over the truck cab, shattered the windshield with their bare fists. Inside, Mueller grabbed his pistol, but lawmen fought through, took him into custody and charged him with homicide by reckless conduct.

duel, the Midwest has recently counted many deeds of destruction. Barns have burned in the night, livestock buying stations have been bombed, truck drivers have been stopped and threatened at road blocks, roadside snipers have fired out of the dark at speeding trucks, and at least one market-bound highway route has been sabotaged with a plank bristling with broken sickle blades. In Minnesota, Wisconsin and South Dakota there is talk of calling out the National Guard.

Yet Oren Staley, who has condemned violence among his followers, insists he will not end the boycott. Says he: "For as many people as have been involved, and as hard as the battle's been fought, the incidents have been isolated." As it happens, farm policy has not yet become one of the more burning issues in this year's national political campaign. Staley, rightly or wrongly, hopes to make it one—and if he keeps on going, he may succeed.

# THE WORLD

## SOUTH VIET NAM

### "Continued Progress"

Before dawn on Sunday morning, four battalions of South Vietnamese troops moved up the road toward Saigon from the Mekong Delta. Spearheaded by armored cars and Jeeps carrying heavy machine guns, they first disarmed a police checkpoint on the outskirts of the capital, then set guards to forbid the movement of traffic in or out of the city. Without a fight, the rebels occupied communication centers in the capital, burst into the office of Premier Nguyen Khanh, and arrested several duty officers but found no trace of the Premier. It was the *coup d'état* that many had dreaded but hoped would not happen.

**Lean Phat.** According to official Washington last week, the coup was hardly to be expected. Maxwell Taylor, U.S. Ambassador to Saigon, back in the U.S. for consultation, referred to an "upward trend" in the fighting. President Lyndon Johnson spoke of "continued progress" in embattled South Viet Nam. Hours later, the political balance in Saigon was being challenged by an array of dissatisfied soldiers.

The coup was at least partly due to the Catholic reaction against the concessions Khanh had been forced to grant the Buddhist majority in his strife-torn nation in the past few weeks. The coup leaders are officers who had either been fired by Khanh or were on the brink of being cashiered. Top man seemed to be Brigadier General Lam Van Phat, a lean, taciturn officer who last week was eased out of his job as Interior Minister in Khanh's Cabinet. Under the murdered Roman Catholic President Diem, Lam Van Phat had been appointed 7th Division commander, but he was considered by U.S. military advisers to be a "mediocre" general.

Nevertheless, Phat was doing quite well at week's end, and was supported by a handful of able officers, particularly Brigadier General Duong Van Duc, commander of the IV Corps, and Colonel Ba, chief of the 7th Division's armored section. Soldiers gathered rapidly in front of a large U.S. communications center. Several U.S. advisers were chased away by their colleagues among the Vietnamese officers participating in the coup. As the rebel troops moved into the center of the city, Phat sat calmly in a civilian car. "We'll be holding a press conference in town this afternoon at 4 p.m.," he announced to reporters.

Whether the coup would stick was another question. As the rebels plunged into the heart of Saigon, worshippers who had attended early Mass at the Roman Catholic cathedral fled in panic. The Buddhists who earlier in the week had mounted a parade of 150,000 people

for the burial of two "martyrs" in the recent religious riots, were evidently taken by surprise. Strangely, however, Buddhist army detachments were making no resistance to Phat's takeover, and there was no sign of activity from the air force commander, who had pledged two weeks earlier that his planes would swiftly crush any uprising. Premier Khanh himself was still unheard from.

Since the coup took place shortly after sunrise, and Saigon, at least, does not begin to function as a city until after breakfast, no one could be sure how secure Phat's new government would be. In the confusion, one South

## EUROPE

### The Winds of Change

*Let them, if they so wish, combine in sixes or sevens or twos. But let them not call themselves Europe. For Europe is a territory extending from the Atlantic to the Urals . . . and unless the Europe we see for tomorrow is a confederation of the whole of the European continent, our Europe-making today will be worse than useless.*

—Salvador de Madariaga

For peoples so diverse in language and custom and so often bloodily at odds, the Europeans curiously will not let the dream of unity die. Last week in

JOHN SHAW



LAM VAN PHAT IN THE FIELD

After a dismissal, a coup.

Vietnamese official said placatingly, "All these preparations are the result of a big misunderstanding on both sides. I don't think either group will start anything, but both think the other will."

**Tough Tennis.** In Honolulu, on his flight back to his political job in Saigon, Ambassador Taylor stepped perspiring from a tennis game to comment that Phat's coup "certainly was unannounced and unheralded." In view of developments, said Taylor, he would "get going as fast as we can get a crew together." The news from Saigon was especially depressing to Washington, not only because Lyndon Johnson is in the midst of a presidential campaign, but because the U.S. has been counting heavily on Khanh to create a more stable situation in South Viet Nam and to lead a more effective prosecution of the war against the Communist Viet Cong, who last week were understandably content to let the U.S.-supported South Vietnamese army fight itself.

Paris, Belgian Foreign Minister Paul-Henri Spaak evoked it anew. The time has come, he urged, for the six nations of the Common Market to create new political institutions of cooperation atop the thriving economic cohesiveness the Common Market has already achieved. Spaak made plain that although a supranational, federal United States of Europe remained the ultimate goal, his plan represented a lesser aim: a confederal unity leaving each of the Six a nation sovereign and intact.

Spaak's proposals were both a grudging vindication of the policies of France's Charles de Gaulle and a sharp personal retreat. For confederation was, in fact, the point of the French Fouchet Plan rejected by De Gaulle's more supranationally minded Common Market partners in 1962. And in observing that "if the British don't want to do anything about it, the Six must go ahead," Spaak abandoned the position that the "Friendly Five" have defended ever





since De Gaulle excluded the British from the Common Market early in 1963: that further progress toward unity is unthinkable without Britain. Across the Channel, the British, caught up in the start of a crucial election campaign, in which, typically, foreign affairs are hardly an issue, could not care less.

**Signs of Change.** In unabashedly reversing himself, Spaak, a canny compromiser of old, was reversing toward reality. For the Europe of 1964 is in flux as never before since World War II—East and West. The war left Eastern Europe in tight military fiefdom to Russia, Western Europe in economic and military dependence upon the U.S., continental Europe thus little more than a no man's land where the outer edges of the two superpowers' spheres of influence menacingly met. No longer. Though the basic postwar pattern remains superimposed across the map of Europe, the nations of Europe on both sides of the Iron Curtain are pulsating with new polarities and priorities, groping in new directions at the same time they increasingly assert their pride in old nationalhoods.

Large and small, the signs of change are everywhere. So far, only Bulgaria has fully escaped the contagion of restiveness sweeping Khrushchev's once-dominant satellites, symbolized by Rumanian Leader Gheorghiu-Dej and Yugoslav President Tito's collaboration in a giant power and navigation project inaugurated last week on the Danube River. While Cyprus threatens to pit NATO partners Greece and Turkey in open war, those ancient European antagonists, Russia and Turkey, have agreed to build a joint hydroelectric complex on the Arpa-Cayi river, long their barbed and bristling common border. Hardly a week goes by without new and major infu-

sions of capital from Western Europe into the East, as Europe's trade, to U.S. dismay, increasingly ignores the red flags (see *WORLD BUSINESS*).

**National Meld.** Nikita Khrushchev, who five years ago sneeringly remarked he could obliterate West Germany with eight hydrogen bombs, has wangled himself an invitation to Bonn to meet Chancellor Erhard. Object: trade and propaganda, both of which Khrushchev sorely needs. Peking promptly charged Khrushchev with planning to sell East Germany down the river. This is hardly an immediate danger to Puppet Walter Ulbricht, though anxious East German bosses might be wondering.

There is little doubt that the Wall is becoming something of a neo-Stalinist skeleton in Khrushchev's carefully refurbished closet these days. Bit by bit, holes are being pricked into it to permit some movement between the halves of Berlin. Last week Ulbricht's press agency announced that beginning Nov. 2, some 3,000,000 elderly East Germans will be allowed to cross the Wall for annual four-week visits to relatives in the West, and negotiations are nearly complete for yet wider visitor exchanges between the two Germanys.

Limited as these pass agreements are, no one knows better than Khrushchev that freedoms have a way of developing a momentum of their own. There is a distinctly European and growing body of opinion, typified by Jean Monnet, spearhead of the Continent's postwar unity drive, that the solution to Europe's largest problem—the burning question of Germany's division—lies in the melding of all the nations of Europe.

**Third Choice.** In France, Charles de Gaulle, whose vision of an independent community from the Atlantic to the Urals begins with independence at home,

sets out next week on another apostolic mission, this time to Latin America, to preach the gospel of a French-led choice for smaller nations between the two superpowers. Frustrated in his efforts to use the Franco-German treaty to advance the hegemony of France in Europe, he too shows signs of restiveness, turning away from the Germans toward London.

The French and British fortnight ago agreed to jointly construct a new air-to-ground missile, already have in the works joint ventures for the Concorde supersonic airliner, a jet trainer, an air traffic control system and a historic tunnel link underneath the English Channel. There are hints, too, that De Gaulle, who has long scorned summitry with the Russians as pointless and dangerous, is eying Moscow in a new light.

For Western Europe, the new independence and new nationalism were made possible by an economic resurgence set in motion by a generous America at war's end. But for both Eastern and Western Europe, the current new freedom stems from the mood of *détente* that has dissolved many of the harsher fears of the cold war. Whether, as the believers in Europe hope, the stirrings of new national life are the prerequisite for a larger Europe or simply the jigsaw puzzle fragmenting hopelessly anew, the fact remains that Europeans are becoming more and more their own men, for good or ill.

## COMMUNISTS

### Search for Lebensraum?

Marxist ideology is widely advertised as the root cause of the current struggle between Russia and Red China. But beneath all the high-flown jargon lies a more concrete basis for conflict. It is the 4,000-mile border the two nations share.

To Moscow, Communist China's Mao Tse-tung is nothing more than a Red Hitler in search of *Lebensraum*. In a blistering editorial, Pravda pointed out that Peking had published a history textbook containing a map that showed China's frontiers as including parts of the Soviet far east—the Maritime Krai, Vladivostok and Sakhalin; a large part of Khabarovsk Krai and Amur Oblast; parts of Kirgizia, Tadzhikistan and Kazakhstan as far west as Lake Balkhash. This reinterpretation of geography would in effect push the Chinese border as much as 300 miles into the Soviet Union (see map). In a fit of Asian self-righteousness, Peking also demanded that Russia return to Japan the Kuril Islands. "To those who question the ownership of more than 1,500,000 square kilometers of Soviet territory," Pravda roared, "we say that the present borders have historical origins and are fixed through life itself."

**Braving the Forests.** Peking, invoking the historical saying, "*Hsien ju wei chu* [Whoever enters first is master]," makes much the same point as Moscow

—but comes up with a different answer. For the Russian territory Peking covets is largely territory that was wrested from the Chinese empire by czarist forces in the 19th century. Land far to the east of Mongolia was settled by such Russians as Explorer Erofeev Pavlovich Khabarov, whose band of Cossacks braved wolf-infested forests and Chinese warriors in their conquest 300 years ago. With the Treaty of Nerchinsk in 1689, Russia's position east of Lake Baikal was established, and by 1860, it had won rights to the Amur Valley and Vladivostok.

In Mongolia, the Russians were granted trading privileges that gave them such a secure grip on the nation's economy that by 1921 a Communist People's Republic of Mongolia could be safely proclaimed under China's nose. The vast, empty region (total population just over 1,000,000 in an area the size of Germany, France, Italy, Denmark and The Netherlands combined) has been a loyal satellite ever since. Little wonder, for Russia has given \$670 million worth of aid to Mongolia since 1945, accepts fully 95% of its trade.

**Long Way Around.** For a period in the 1950s, Peking, too, was making elaborate offers of aid. Indeed, thousands of blue-uniformed Chinese workers arrived in the Mongolian capital of Ulan Bator and were put to use for various projects. Then, abruptly, the Chinese workers vanished earlier this year, and some reports suggested that Mongolia had ordered them out of the country. Now there is constant bickering between the two countries. Last week Mongolia was reported to be alarmed by Chinese troop concentrations on the Mongolian frontier. Ulan Bator also complains that Mao & Co. have instituted something of a blockade forcing the Russian satellite to re-route its minimal trade with Japan and other overseas countries through Vladivostok—a journey more than double the length of the old route through Tientsin. The petty recriminations from both sides of the long border could only have provoked sighs of regret from oldtime Communists. Under Joseph Stalin, the ultimate commandment was harshly enforced: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor."

## End of the Rebel Girl

*Yes, her hands may be hardened from labor*

*And her dress not be very fine*

*But a heart in her bosom is beating*

*That is true to her class and her kind.*

Joe Hill—*The Rebel Girl*

The words of this old Wobbly song were recited last week in Moscow's Hall of Columns, where the body of Elizabeth Gurley Flynn lay in state. Chairman of the feeble U.S. Communist Party, she is the third foreign Red leader to die in the Soviet Union in the last two months, being preceded by France's Maurice Thorez and Italy's Palmiro Togliatti.

**Diaphragm Power.** Elizabeth Flynn came young to radicalism. The daughter of an Irish nationalist from Galway, she was born in Concord, N.H., in 1890, educated in Bronx schools, and became a Socialist at 15 under her mother's maiden name of Gurley. A slim, blue-eyed girl with soft brown hair who wore a flaming red tie around her shirtwaist collar, she demanded among other things that all children be supported by the Government, thus freeing women of dependence on men.

She was soon famous as the "girl orator" of the Wobblies, the militant, native-grown Industrial Workers of the World, and considered herself as able a spellbinder as William Jennings Bryan. "I agitate a listener," she said. "I know how to get the power out of my diaphragm instead of my vocal cords, and I'm happy to be free to give Capitalism hell." Producer David Belasco tried to convince her that she should become an actress. Novelist Theodore Dreiser called her the "East Side Joan of Arc," and the famed Wobbly poet, Joe Hill, dedicated *The Rebel Girl* to her during the years when she raced from coast to coast battling beside strikers in the mines of the West and the textile mills of the East.

**Reducing Term.** Elizabeth was married briefly to a Wobbly organizer, and carried on a long and tempestuous affair with the colorful Italian anarchist, Carlo Tresca, of whom it was said that the first word he learned in English was "guilty." In 1937 she dismayed her Socialist friends by joining the Communist Party, and her activity in strikes from



ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN



RED FUNERAL IN MOSCOW  
Life of the party.

coast to coast landed her in jail a dozen times. She began her longest prison term in 1955 when she was convicted with other U.S. Communist leaders under the Smith Act on the charge of conspiring to overthrow the government and spent 28 months at the Women's Federal Reformatory at Alderson, W. Va. By then, Elizabeth was no longer a slim and fiery girl but a plump and matronly woman. Freed in 1957, she said, "I had no reason to reform, repent or recant, so I just reduced."

Despite her high party posts, it is doubtful that Elizabeth Gurley Flynn had much influence on policy, for she was an agitator and orator rather than a Marxist dialectician or thinker. She wrote a chatty reminiscent column in the *Daily Worker* called "The Life of the Party," and always proved able to follow obediently every twist and turn of the party line. After the U.S. Supreme Court struck down the act denying passports to Communists, 74-year-old Elizabeth Gurley Flynn was free to travel to the Soviet Union as a guest of the Kremlin, and there to die of a clot in the lung artery.

Such Red veterans as Spain's exiled Dolores Ibarruri—the Civil War's La Pasionaria—rose to eulogize the fallen



comrade, and Nina Khrushchev stoutly joined the pallbearers in the full state funeral in Red Square. Nikita himself stood solemnly in the honor guard just before the body was cremated, and a band played the *Internationale* as the urn of ashes was placed briefly at the foot of the Kremlin wall, near the spot where a portion of I.W.W. Founder Big Bill Haywood's ashes are buried. In due course, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn's ashes will be flown to the U.S. and buried in Chicago's Waldheim Cemetery beside the remains of many old comrades (including the other part of Big Bill) from the Wobblies and the Communist Party.

## ITALY

### Palmiro's Prophecy

As leader of Italy's 7,700,000 Communist voters, Palmiro Togliatti's allegiance was nominally and often vociferously to Moscow. But Togliatti was also the most supple of politicians, and as such he increasingly sought respectability among the voters at home. When he died last month in the Crimea following a stroke, it seemed that Togliatti's dilemma had gone to the grave with him unresolved. Not so.

Last week both Italy and the Communist world reverberated to Togliatti's last words: a wide-ranging, 4,500-word memorandum prepared shortly before he was stricken. It covered not only his relations with Moscow but also his prophecies for the future of Communism in Italy. He took Nikita Khrushchev sternly to task for his heavy-handed tactics in the ideological dispute with Red China, decried the slowness with which the Soviet Union has moved in eradicating the "regime of restrictions and suppression of democratic and personal freedom introduced by Stalin." He vigorously defended the independence of national Communist parties while rejecting any return to the monolithic control desired by Khrushchev.

In order to win over the Catholic peasantry and workers of Italy, said Togliatti, a new approach must be devised. "For this purpose," said Togliatti with heretical frankness, "the old atheist propaganda is of no use." Another fat target for Communist penetration is the realm of literature, art and science, where "the doors are wide open. In the capitalist world, in fact, such conditions are being created as to destroy the liberty of intellectual life. We must become the champions of intellectual liberty, of free artistic creation and of scientific progress."

In Italy at least, Togliatti's aims were quickly taken up. Last week his successor, tough ex-Partisan Luigi Longo, 64, went on television to appeal to the Catholics of Italy. Said he: "We hold it unjust to consider religion merely as an instrument of the conservative classes." If Togliatti's will is properly probated, the Italian Communist Party could very well find a place in some future government.



SALUTE FROM THE ROYAL COUPLE  
With gratitude from the heart.

## GREECE

### Love, Tears & 100,000 Flowers

Byron died to help give Greece a Danish King, and last week Greece and Denmark joyously readied for a royal wedding to gladden a Romantic poet's art: the love match of the world's youngest King, dark and dashing Constantine of the Hellenes, 24, and lissome Princess Anne-Marie, 18, of Denmark.

The festivities began in Copenhagen, where Constantine had flown to participate in Anne-Marie's last round of farewells to her nation. In a televised family fete, Danes heard the father of the bride, King Frederik IX, admonish his daughter: "Let your mother be your model. Be as great a support for Tino as your mother has been for me." Tino reassured Frederik: "Uncle Rico, don't be sad to lose Anne-Marie. She is encompassed by love from all sides." When he concluded his speech with the four Danish words "*Hjertelig tak for alt* [My heartfelt thanks for everything]," there was hardly a dry eye in the kingdom of Hans Christian Andersen.

One evening the coupé went to the Danish Royal Theater, festooned with 100,000 flowers for the occasion, to see two ballets and a one-act comedy, all three about youthful love, and all chosen by the princess herself. The following day, escorted by 42 hussars in scarlet, Anne-Marie and Constantine rode slowly through the streets of Copenhagen to the deafening applause of crowds that lined the streets. At the city hall, Municipal Council Chairman Henry Stjernqvist presented the princess with a grand piano with the hope that on it "now and then there will be played tunes that will remind you of your former home country." Replied Anne-Marie: "This is a strange day for me, standing here for the last time as a Dane in my own country. I wish I could show you how my

feelings reach for every Dane with a gratitude that comes from the heart."

Greece's King then flew back to his capital, and Anne-Marie and her family winged off to Brindisi, sailed from there in the royal Danish yacht *Dannebrog* to join Constantine in a busy round of pre-nuptial fetes before the wedding this week in the Greek Orthodox cathedral in the shadow of the Acropolis.

## MIDDLE EAST

### The Late, Late Fuses

The menu listed such delicacies as Saliva of the Arab Rivers (consommé), Pearls of Kuwait and Casablanca (potatoes), Baby Lambs of Nejd and Kairouan, and concluded with Jewels of Jericho (fruit), and Aroma of Yemen (coffee).

This hyperbolic feast was placed before the princes, presidents and potentates of 13 Arab states by scarlet-jacketed waiters who marched in step as they served. Behind them stood Alexandria's pink-walled Haramlek Palace, and all around stretched floodlit lawns lined with palms and bordered by the gentile roll of Mediterranean waves.

**Vicious Circle.** The Arabs were met at another of their "summits" to seek agreement on a plan to 1) divert the tributary streams of the Hasbani, Yarmuk and Banias rivers so that they would no longer flow into the Jordan to be used by Israel, and 2) create a united Arab military force sufficiently strong to meet the inevitable Israeli attack that would follow.

As the Arab leaders came and went in long Cadillacades, Egyptian information officers boasted of unity and progress. But soon word of serious disagreements leaked from the white-pillared conference room. Not once, but three times, Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser snapped to the delegates. "We are going



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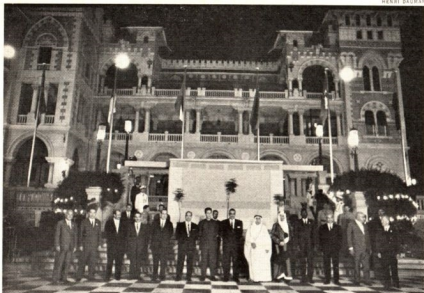


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ARAB LEADERS AT HARAMLEK PALACE  
From Saliva of the Rivers to Jewels of Jericho.

around in a vicious circle, and this must stop immediately."

Lebanon's President-elect Charles Helou dragged his feet on diverting the Hashani River, pointing out that his small, 8,000-man army was no match for Israel. Lebanon, Syria and Jordan were ready to increase their armed forces by 30%, as demanded by Egypt's General Ali Amer, commander in chief of the projected Arab army, but complained that they could not pay for it alone. Iraq's Abdul Salam proposed that Amer be authorized to move Arab forces anywhere in Arab territories during a time of danger. This started a wrangle in which it became very clear that many Arab states feared the arrival of Egyptian troops nearly as much as an Israeli attack.

**Promised Cash.** It was a common joke among the summit delegates that every time the subject of money was raised, Sheikh Abdullah as Salim as Sahab of oil-rich Kuwait left the horseshoe conference table for the men's room. But last week Sahab pledged \$4,500,000 a year for five years to the Arab war chest, and Egypt, Algeria, Saudi Arabia, Libya, Morocco and Yemen joined in, raising the total commitments to \$14 million annually for the next five years.

At week's end, as the summiteers cried "Salaam" to each other and went their several ways, the fuse had been lit for the third round of war between the Arab states and Israel. It is a long fuse, and a slow one—so slow that it could easily sputter out before explosion. The diversion of the tributaries of the Jordan cannot begin until funds are raised and expensive dams built. What with Israel's threat and the violent disagreements that still plague the Arab world, it will be remarkable if a single gallon of the Jordan ever moves from its normal course.

## INDIA

### The Sleepy Country

When the opposition in Parliament last week urged a vote of no confidence against him, Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri took it calmly. He said, "If all the people around me talk highly of me, my feet will not remain on the ground, and I will not know my mistakes and rectify them."

**Flowing Night Soil.** During his three months in office, punctuated by a heart attack, diminutive Shastri has grappled vainly with a serious food crisis. And now huge floods, unusual even for India's monsoon season, are surging over seven states, from Assam in the east to the Punjab in the west. More than 2,400,000 acres of standing crops have been damaged, and thousands of Indians are in flight from their drowned villages. For the first time in recent memory, flood waters have reached the suburbs of New Delhi. Five thousand troops labored to plug the gaps in the dikes, but they were too late to save Delhi's water system from pollution by night soil and garbage caught up in the torrent. Stomach ailments have jumped 30%, and doctors fear outbreaks of cholera and hepatitis.

The disaster week continued with a slowdown strike by pilots of India's domestic airlines and the sudden collapse of the state government of Kerala, where 15 Congress Party legislators joined the opposition Socialists and Communists in voting against Kerala's chief minister, who is accused of corruption. Shastri imposed direct presidential rule on Kerala, at least until elections can be held next year. When that happens there is a good chance that the Communists—though divided into pro-Peking and pro-Moscow wings—may again win control as they did in 1957.

**Cupped Chin.** The next blow fell at the home of a near neighbor of the Prime Minister—India's Solicitor General Hem Nath Sanyal. Late one night four men broke into Sanyal's bungalow and choked him to death with a dhoti, or loincloth. Since Sanyal had been pressing corruption charges against several ministers of Orissa state, members of Parliament cried that his murder must be connected with the investigation—though Delhi's police insisted it was only a robbery attempt.

Throughout the week, Shastri sat on a front bench in Parliament, a doll-like little man cupping his chin in his left hand. He listened impassively to the attacks of the opposition, one of whom defined Shastri's policy as "inefficiency at home and infirmity abroad." Even in his own Congress Party in Delhi there was a certain disarray, and Shastri spent much of last week patching up minor dissensions.

An outsider might have been forgiven for thinking that the sudden spate of problems constituted a severe blow to the new Prime Minister's prestige and a considerable test of his strength. They did, up to a point. But Shastri took the attacks with bland equanimity, explaining that there was no point in getting overexcited—or even in shouting back at his foes. "Democracy would break down if we started shouting from the benches," he shrugged.

His Congress Party supporters seemed equally complacent. One pointed out that the government has an overwhelming majority of Parliament on its side and added, "Shastri is not in trouble. You always have floods. Food prices rise every year, and food is always a little short, and someone is always striking. This is no crisis. India is a sleepy country, and things just go on."

## MALAYSIA

### State of Emergency

Onto the polished, horseshoe-shaped table of the U.N. Security Council plopped a miniature arsenal—an automatic rifle and a light mortar, a helmet, a back pack, an opened parachute, a camouflage suit. This last week did British-backed Malaysia, after more than a year of harassment by Indonesia, launch a dramatic appeal to the U.N.

The weaponry, Malaysia's Interior Minister Ismail bin Dato Abdul Rahman\* told the Council, had been captured from the 40-odd, Indonesia-based paratroopers dropped into mainland Malaysia two weeks ago. Last month more than 100 raiders hit Malaya by sea, opening a second front in Sukarno's undeclared war, which had been principally confined to northern Borneo. Declared Rahman to the assembled delegates: "I ask that you condemn such international brigandage."

**Blithe Spirit.** In reply, Indonesia's Deputy Foreign Minister Sudjarwo Tjondronegoro cockily admitted that

\* No kin to Premier Tunku Abdul Rahman.

"our volunteers, together with the militant youth of Sarawak and Sabah [North Borneo], some of whom have been trained in our territory, have entered so-called 'Malaysian' territory. They have been fighting there for some time. This is no secret." He couldn't understand why Malaysia was getting so excited. "The fighting now in Malaysia is on a very small scale compared with the magnitude of the fighting in Sarawak and Sabah. Why, then, all the fuss? Is it because the present 'Malaysian' government feels unable to overcome its own internal troubles?"

Faced with a likely Soviet veto, Malaysia knew it had little chance of getting a formal U.N. condemnation, but hoped that the Council session would at least mobilize world opinion against Indonesia. The rest of the world was not exactly rushing to the rescue, but, confronted with continuing violence, the Malaysian government decreed a Federation-wide state of emergency, and two battalions of Malaya-based New Zealand and British Gurkha troops joined the hunt for the Indonesian guerrillas still on the loose in Malaya. To underline its determination, British airlifted an anti-aircraft regiment, detached from its NATO Army of the Rhine, to Singapore, diverted a naval squadron to Malaysia from the Mediterranean. From London came word that Britain had decided to retaliate if Indonesia strikes the Malay Peninsula again.

**Matter of Rats.** In Indonesia, the man behind it all was temporarily busy on other matters. Kicking off a national campaign against crop-devouring rats, Sukarno accepted the title of "Honorary Chairman of the Action to Combat Mice Committee" to add to his long list of formal titles. He is also known as Great Leader of the Revolution, Mouthpiece of the Indonesian People, Main Bearer of the Message of the People's Suffering, Supreme Commander of the Armed Forces, Supreme Commander of the Economic Operational Command, Supreme People's Industry Builder, Son of the Dawn, Supreme Pioneer, Father of the Peasants, Supreme Builder, Supreme Protector, Grand Skipper, and Chief Boy Scout.

## THE CONGO

### Mission to Addis

Foreign ministers of the 34-nation Organization of African Unity met in Addis Ababa last week to ponder "an African solution" to the agonizing Congo rebellion. The session had been called at the request of the Congo, whose controversial Premier Moïse Tshombe had come under heavy attack for hiring white mercenary troops—but found himself unable to contain the rebel advances without outside help of some sort. What Tshombe wanted was African troops for police duty in pacified areas in order to free his own harried Congolese army to fight the rebels. As he told the delegates: "Such an arrangement would allow me to dispense

with the services of those whose presence in the Congo is embarrassing us."

**Clawless Cat.** The assembly turned out to be most reluctant to fulfill his request. Most delegates, in fact, had come to Addis Ababa convinced that Tshombe was a traitor to Africa's cause, and that the Congo's crisis was essentially an ideological battle between patriots and traitors. Not so, declared Tshombe during five days of debate, insisting that the real problem was the complete breakdown of law and order that followed the Belgian departure in 1960—which the Communists have been able to turn to their advantage.

Wisely, Tshombe avoided his usual histrionics, answered the stream of criticism with patient restraint. He was, as one delegate put it, "a cat in hell with



PRIME MINISTERS HOME & SMITH  
Defenestrating unilateralism.

out claws." So successfully did he make his case that even such violent critics as Ghana ended up supporting him, and the foreign minister of his bitter enemy, the neighboring Brazzaville Congo, was moved to offer Tshombe his hand and praise his "African sense."

However warmly the session ended, it produced no concrete results. The O.A.U. rejected Tshombe's request for troops, created instead a rather meaningless ten-nation commission to "help and encourage" him in restoring unity. It also ordered Tshombe to expel the mercenaries "as soon as possible"—which in African terms means whenever he feels like it.

**Jittery Boss.** Encouraged, Tshombe flew back home, where the rebels of Stanleyville, as if to prove his thesis, had declared a new "Congolese People's Republic." Its President would be Christophe Gbenye, 37, a jittery, opportunistic onetime Congolese police boss who once labored for Lefist Antoine Gizenga, then arrested Gizenga on behalf of Moderate Premier Cyrille

Adoula, then helped lead a Tshombe-backed plot to grab the eastern Congo. Rebellion was nothing new in the Congo, but the latest turn in Stanleyville brought French Ambassador Jacques Kosciuszko-Morizet hurrying back to Leopoldville from consultations in Paris. Asked by his chauffeur why he had returned so soon, the ambassador shrugged, "Because of the situation." The chauffeur nodded sympathetically. "Things are pretty bad in Paris?" he asked.

## SOUTHERN RHODESIA

### A Bit of a Breather

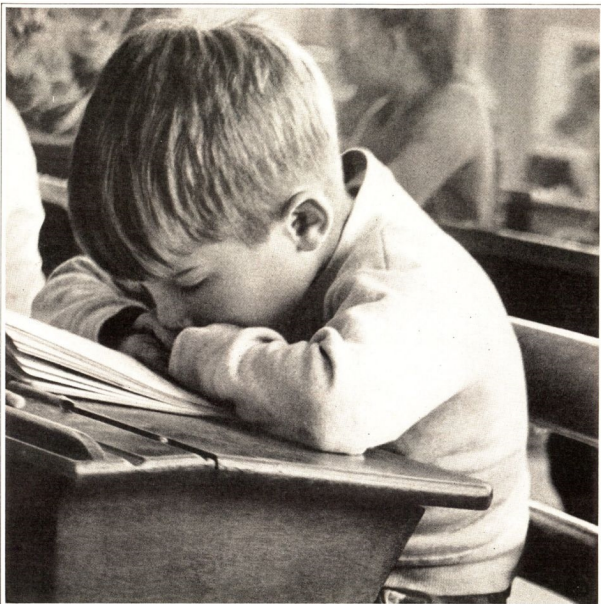
Flying north to Europe in search of independence, Southern Rhodesia's Prime Minister Ian Smith thought he had it in the bag. Far from it.

First stop on his carefully planned trip (TIME, Sept. 4) was Lisbon, where he hoped to pick up assurances of immediate recognition and economic aid from Portugal should the Rhodesians decide on a unilateral declaration of independence. But when he sat down for talks, Portuguese Premier António de Oliveira Salazar offered only sympathetic smiles and the minimal assurance that the ports in Portugal's colony of Mozambique would always be open.

Daunted only slightly, Smith winged on to London, met for eight hours at No. 10 Downing Street with Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home to plead his case for independence. On neither moral nor pragmatic grounds could Home agree. He still insisted that the black majority (3,700,000 v. 224,000 whites) be granted a louder voice before Britain would cut its final tie with the colony.

But Smith stubbornly insisted that a majority of Southern Rhodesians, black as well as white, want independence under the present system, and agreed to prove it—presumably in the form of a referendum. Smith agreed to shelve his threat of a unilateral declaration of independence. "We have chucked that out of the window," he said, "for the time being."

What made Smith so sure he could get his mandate for continued white supremacy? If he had any ideas on the subject, he wasn't letting on in London. But back home in Salisbury, the government coincidentally announced a 10% raise in the financial qualification of Southern Rhodesian voters. Henceforth, Africans will have to prove at least an annual income of \$739 before they qualify to vote—this in a country where the average African income is \$319 a year. Did Smith have a trick up his sleeve? He indicated that to prove his point he might try to capitalize on the traditional nonpolitical prestige of tribal chiefs, who represent thousands of Africans and yet are loyal to any colonial government. "I don't wish to mislead the British government," he said. "I must not pull a fast one." Fast or slow, the two Prime Ministers had won themselves a bit of a breather.



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# THE HEMISPHERE

## CANADA

### Searching for Unity

With stirring words about national unity, Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson last May proudly proposed a new national flag for Canada—three red maple leaves on a white ground bracketed in blue. He wanted it to replace the old Red Ensign, envisioned it as a bright symbol of Canada's independent nationhood. Last week Pearson finally had to admit defeat. He gave up trying to push his flag through a stalemated Parliament and dumped the whole thing in the lap of a 15-man interparty com-

them by filibustering Conservatives. It got so bad that New Democrat Stanley Knowles rose in disgust. "We are making Parliament a side show," he said. And on that Mike Pearson finally had to agree.

**English v. French.** Pearson may eventually get some sort of maple-leaf emblem to cover his country. But it will take much more than a new flag to bring Canadians together. After 17 months in office, Pearson is beset on all sides—not only by Diefenbaker's Conservatives but also by angry squabbles over federal v. provincial powers, and most particularly by a deeply di-

and killed an employee before police swooped down to capture them.

The separatists and their lunatic fringe are hardly likely to wrench Quebec away from the rest of Canada. But their capacity for trouble sends shivers up and down Pearson's spine. Next month, Britain's Queen Elizabeth is to make an eight-day state visit to Canada, and no one can be sure what kind of reception she will get in Quebec. "Some of my people," says Separatist Marcel Chaput, "are ready to let her know, and know brutally, that she is no longer welcome in Quebec." Provincial leaders scoff at all talk of trouble. But it would not be smart to take chances. A newly built riot-control truck with a powerful water gun will be standing by. Says one ministerial aide: "The security arrangements will be the most thorough ever for a peacetime visitor."



CANADIAN VIEW OF AN IDEAL NATIONAL FLAG  
Out of chaos, another committee.

mittee, which now has six weeks to find a brand-new design.

**Bikini or Blanket?** Far from producing unity, Pearson's flag produced a parliamentary spectacle that Canadians came to look upon with disgust. No sooner had Pearson's minority Liberal government proposed the flag than it was under violent attack—chiefly by the opposition Conservative Party headed by ex-Prime Minister John Diefenbaker, whose strategy apparently is to make it impossible for Pearson to govern. Diefenbaker set out to filibuster the flag to death. The Conservatives tore into the new flag as an insult to the "mother country," tagged it "Pearson's pennant," compared it to "the posterior of a bikini," a blanket for a race horse, a trademark for soap flakes.

By exercising forceful leadership, Pearson might have run the political risk of ramming his flag through with the help of the three small parties that generally support his minority government. Instead the debate raged on until Parliament was in chaos. Over a total 22 days of nonstop jabber, no fewer than 175 speeches were made, 117 of

vided, mutually antagonistic population. Two-thirds of Canada's 19 million citizens speak English; one-third are fiercely French—in language, culture, temperament. And now some secessionist sentiment is springing up in the province of Quebec, gathering support among French Canadians who have long complained bitterly of second-class citizenship. Pearson has made several concessions giving Quebec more provincial autonomy and French Canadians a stronger voice in the federal government. Many French Canadians consider this too little, too late.

A Montreal separatist organization operates more or less openly, with an estimated membership of 7,000. Small, shadowy bands of fanatics have bombed army installations, destroyed mailboxes and raided armories, stealing rifles, sub-machine guns, antitank bazookas and any other weapons they could cart away. Fortnight ago, five terrorists looted a firearms store in Montreal

## POLITICS

### The Rising Force

Echoes of Chile's presidential election will be sounding around Latin America for years—and not merely because the Communists were thrashed in their attempt to take power by democratic means. Marxism has never succeeded at the ballot box. The bigger news is the man and the party that won: Eduardo Frei and the Christian Democrats, who are rapidly emerging as a vital new force, not only in Chile but in all of Latin America.

**Encyclical & Ethic.** The Christian Democratic movement now has political parties in 16 of Latin America's 20 countries—all except Honduras, Paraguay, Haiti and Cuba. Like their powerful European counterparts in Italy and Germany, the Latin American parties base their philosophy on the 73-year-old *Rerum Novarum* encyclical of Pope Leo XIII—the so-called "Magna Carta of Labor," which advocates labor unions and worker profit-sharing.

They are reformist, often leftist, always ardently anti-Communist. Their ideology is not based so much on the tenets of Roman Catholicism; indeed, the church in Colombia openly opposes the Christian Democrats. Rather, the party rallying cry is the Christian ethic, and it calls for social revolution without the shackles of Communism. "Christian Democracy," says Chile's Frei, "believes that the modern world is in crisis, and that only a complete readjustment of society can save man from materialism and collectivism."

Such talk has a strong appeal for the underprivileged—and also for Latin America's deeply religious women, rich or poor. In Chile, it was the women who gave Frei his large majority. He broke about even with Marxist Salvador Allende for the men's vote; the

\* From left: Pearson, Diefenbaker, New Democratic Leader Thomas C. Douglas, Social Credit Rally's Réal Caouette.

This adding machine records data on punched tape



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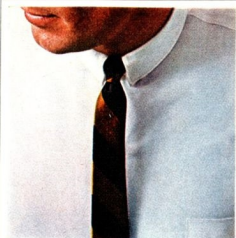
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CHILE'S LATE IRENE FREI



VENEZUELA'S RAFAEL CALDERA

*The far left is losing thunder.*

women (who use separate ballot boxes in Chile) gave him almost 63% of their vote. Frei's own sister Irene, 46, was one of the country's most popular political figures until her death in an auto accident five weeks ago. In Santiago municipal elections last year, she herself won an alderman's seat with the biggest majority of any candidate. Some 40,000 women turned out for her funeral, and her tragic death just before the presidential elections almost certainly led to a sympathy vote.

**Chile & Beyond.** The earliest ancestors of today's Christian Democrats turned up in Uruguay in 1910, and over the years other parties sprouted—first in Chile, then Venezuela, Brazil, Argentina and on throughout Latin America. In 1947 party delegates met in Montevideo to form a hemisphere-wide confederation. Three years ago, in Santiago, the European and Latin American branches formally joined forces in a Christian Democratic World Union.

The stronghold of Latin America's Christian Democrats is, of course, Chile, where the party has soared from 3.4% of the vote in 1941 to 56% in Frei's election. How much of this was due to Christian Democracy itself, and how much to Frei's charismatic personality, will not be clear until congressional elections next March. Right now, the party has only 27 members in Congress, 70 short of a majority.

Second to Chile is Venezuela, where the Christian Democrats call themselves COPEI. In 1958, COPEI won 16% of the presidential vote and played an important role in the coalition government with Rómulo Betancourt's *Acción Democrática* party, which had finished with 49%. In last year's elections, COPEI moved up to 20% while A.D. slipped to 33%—and now COPEI Leader Rafael Caldera has pulled out of the coalition and is building up for his run at the presidency in 1968. In Peru, the party is only eight years old, yet its support

was a strong factor in the victory of President Fernando Belaúnde last year; in exchange, the Christian Democrats picked up three Cabinet ministries and the mayoralty of Lima. In Brazil, the party went from two federal Deputies in 1954 to 20 in 1962, now boasts one federal Cabinet post and two state governors. The Bolivian party is still small, but growing. "In the coming years," says Bolivian President Victor Paz Estenssoro, "there will be only three forces in our country—my own M.N.R., the Communists and Christian Democrats."

No one understands the prospects better than the Communists, who regard the Christian Democrats with fear and hatred. In Cuba last week, Havana radio claimed that Eduardo Frei's victory was brought about by "force, fear and money." Railed Fidel Castro at Havana University: "The means by which the exploiters maintain the people in ignorance must be grabbed out of their hands." But even he had to concede Frei's appeal. "Sometimes," Fidel admitted, "our opponents surpass us in ability." What Castro really has to face is that the Christian Democrats are stealing his revolutionary thunder, offering a simple, powerful ideology that promises sweeping changes with freedom and dignity. And they are getting very good at it.

## URUGUAY

### And Then There Was One

After six weeks of intramural argument, Uruguay's nine-man National Council of Government finally decided to go along with the OAS ruling on Cuba. By a vote of six yeas (with three abstentions), the Council last week broke all economic and diplomatic relations with Fidel Castro's Communist dictatorship. The abstainers held that Uruguay's traditional position of non-intervention should be maintained. The other councilmen felt that the OAS decision had to be honored as part of

Uruguay's treaty obligations. In Montevideo, a crowd of 2,000 pro-Castroites started to stage a rock-tossing demonstration; the cops promptly hauled out tear gas and fire hoses, and the mob retreated to the university, where it held up for two days.

Mexico now stands alone as the only Latin American nation willing to engage in even the most *pro forma* dealings with Castro.

## EL SALVADOR

### Castro, Si; Yanqui, Si

Names like Cabot and MacArthur are certainly American. Even Labouisse and Poullada or Reinhardt and Riddleberger do not seem very out of place on the roster of U.S. ambassadors, but the newest name in the diplomatic ranks will have them goggling. Last week President Johnson appointed as the U.S. Ambassador to El Salvador a man named Raul Castro.

Well, no, it wasn't that Raúl Castro—he's still waiting 90 miles off Florida. This Raul Castro, 48, is a Tucson, Ariz., superior court judge who was born in Mexico, became a U.S. citizen and graduated from Arizona State College in 1939, then served in Mexico for the State Department before going into law practice in 1949. His knowledge of Central America, plus long, faithful labors for the Democratic Party, plus perhaps some sly thoughts about the name, led President Johnson to tap him for the El Salvador job.

In El Salvador, he replaces Career Diplomat Murat Williams, 50, whose four-year tour of duty rates as one of the more successful U.S. diplomatic efforts in Latin America in terms of general economic and political progress under the Alliance. Inheriting a sound relationship, perhaps the new man can even make his name work to advantage. To knock the U.S. now, leftist Salvadorans will also have to knock Castro.



RAUL CASTRO

*The other is still waiting.*

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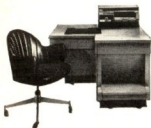
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## PEOPLE

Even the luckiest people need a star to sigh by—or so it seemed when Astronaut **Scott Carpenter**, 39, went backstage to visit Broadway's Fanny Girl **Barbra Streisand**, 22. "I'm really honored," bubbled Barbra, clearly launched into orbit. "I'm always interested in scientific and medical things. Whenever I go to the dentist, I can spend three, three-and-a-half hours there talking about nerve endings and things like that. But about those things up there—I don't know what a star's made of. Do you?" "Good looks—talent—a sense of humor," drawled Carpenter, scattering a little moon dust of his own.

It was Begonia Day, and Steve Canyon Day at the New York World's Fair—and also Art Buchwald Day, so proclaimed by Fair Boss Robert Moses because a) Buchwald was a busboy at the 1939 fair, b) Buchwald was the only reporter who showed up at a 1960 Moses press conference in Rome and well, anyway, Buchwald is syndicated in some 200 papers and who knows what could happen? What did happen is Art took along his father, **Joe Buchwald**, 71. "You think I want to go?" muttered Joe. "A man in the curtain business should lose money to go to the fair?" Joe tried the *fondue bourguignonne* at the Swiss pavilion, sent it back for chicken instead, was even less impressed when they made Art honorary mayor of the Belgian Village. "Who wants to be mayor of an empty village?" he wanted to know.

Constasy, thy name is **Rudy Vallee**, 63. On Oct. 13, the onetime Vagabond Lover will complete his third full year on Broadway as J. B. Bigley, the executive who yearns for knitting and well-knit redheads. The star of *How to Succeed in Business*, etc. (which the



VALLEE & DEPENDENTS  
So faithful.



C.D.B. BRYAN  
So write.

French translate as *Comment Réussir en Affaires*) will thus have stayed with the show longer than any star in musical history. But in October he resigns to depart with his fourth wife, Eleanor (whom he married in 1949), for a nightclub tour. Why so faithful to show biz? Proudly displaying his four French poodles, Pom Pom, Jolie, Michelle and Pitou, Vallee vows the real reason is "I have four hungry dogs to feed." Art, art.

He's not one to trouble trouble, but while touring India to lecture on U.S. law, Associate Supreme Court Justice **Arthur Goldberg**, 56, found himself constantly addressed at one reception as "Justice Goldwater." "That's O.K.," he remarked equably. "I have tremendous respect for Senator Goldwater."

Mamá Inés María Cuervo de Prieto, 35, chose their first birthday to announce that still another brother or sister was on the way. But sibling rivalry is just one of those things that Venezuela's **Prieto Quintuplets** will have to learn to live with. In point of fact, they live rather well—thanks to Big Daddy Creole Petroleum Corp., for which Papacito Efrén Lubín Prieto, 39, works as a \$10-a-day oilfield hand. Creole built for the family a \$30,000 five-bedroom house in Maracaibo, also provides free medical care, while advertising contracts with Gerber and Klim give meat and milk. The big problem is telling them apart, though their mother insists that this is no problem at all. "Otto is the loveliest," she says. "Juan José has the shortest fuse. Robinson's the fattest, Mario's the tallest and Fernando is the most easygoing."

'Ee lad, a Lancashire accent was gold in British music halls long before the Beatles. In fact, "I suppose the youngsters will call me a Mother Beatle," chirped **Gracie Fields**, as she skittered onstage at Blackpool for a comeback

after three years of goodbye on the Isle of Capri. To the oldsters, however, their sassy honey was still "Our Gracie," and 3,000 of them stomped, clapped, wept and cheered for more as she hummed through her old routines, from by-crikey wheezes to such sticky trademarks as *Now Is the Hour*. "It isn't the money—I'm not starving, you know," murmured Gracie, who in her prime lived up to \$750,000 a year. "I just have a lot of energy. I know I'm 66, but I feel 36."

"O'Hara said to me, 'O.K., you can write,'" recalls Author **Courtlandt Dixon Barnes Bryan**, 28. He likes that kind of spare, John O'Hara-type dialogue, and no wonder, since he is the novelist's stepson, child of O'Hara's third wife by her first marriage. "John," he says, "taught me a good deal about writing dialogue," and the blond, bespectacled Yaleman ('58) showed how well he had learned by winning the \$10,000 Harper Prize for unpublished novels, which means that Harper & Row will publish his *P. S. Wilkinson* in January. C.D.B. has reached a certain critical plateau, however. Since *The New Yorker* published his first short story in 1962, O'Hara has read his work only after it appears in print.

Narrow as an arrow but fetching as an etching, **Geraldine Chaplin**, 20, Charlie's unmatched little girl, paired herself off with British Actor **Richard Johnson**, 36, for a romp about Chillingham Castle in England, where Johnson is playing Kim Novak's leading man in Paramount's production of *The Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders*. "I think he's the most marvelous man," Geraldine rejoiced. "We're very fond of each other—it's obvious, isn't it?" Johnson responded. But, he added, there is "no question of an engagement—at least at this stage." They only met in London six weeks ago.



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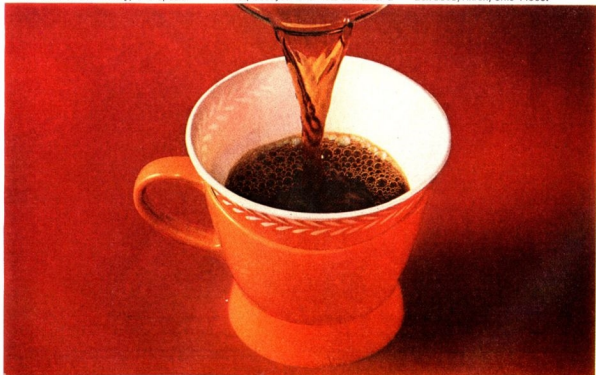
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# ***AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC***

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## MODERN LIVING

### CUSTOMS

#### The Bonanza Machine

"A lottery," wrote Political Economist Sir William Petty in the 17th century, "is properly a tax upon unfortunate, self-conceited fools. The Sovereign should have guard of these fools, even as in the case of lunatics and idiots." Sir William's prim strictures have been echoed through the centuries by those who are certain of what's good for their fellow man. Labor unions have attacked lotteries as a pernicious tax on the poor, businessmen have deplored their tendency to tie up huge sums of money, and moralists have frowned on trying to get something for nothing. But for good or ill, in one form or another, the lottery has been pressed into service for many a worthy cause—from financing the American Revolution to (in the form of bingo) the endowment of U.S. churches.

In New Hampshire last week came the big payoff on the first major U.S. lottery since the crime-ruled Louisiana lottery brought the Federal Government down on it in the 1890s. As a result, New Hampshire's public school system was about \$2,500,000 richer, the U.S. Treasury was looking forward to \$570,000 in taxes, 1,992 tickets were paying off a total of \$1,800,000.

One in a Thousand. New Hampshire's Lottery Commission had to egg-walk its way through a maze of federal rules and regulations designed to make a state lottery all but impossible. As chief egg walker they sagaciously chose a pillar of probity—ex-FBI Agent Edward J. Powers, 51, who helped break Boston's famed Brinks robbery. So far, Sweepstakes Chief Powers has well earned his \$20,000 salary.

It is illegal to transport lottery tickets across a state line. Powers' solution was not to issue tickets at all. Purchasers had to go to one of the state's two race tracks or 49 liquor stores, where, on payment of \$3, a clerk activated a machine which exposed a ticket on which the bettor wrote his name and address. The machine thereupon swallowed the ticket and issued him an "acknowledgment," which presumably may be transported anywhere, sent through the mail, or even thrown away. The rolls of tickets were collected from the machines, microfilmed and stored in a bank vault.

Every time \$1,000,000 worth of tickets was sold, a drawing was staged—and every one naturally produced a gratifying set of stories, pictures and lists in the newspapers. The 333,334 tickets were packed into a great transparent drum. A smaller drum contained the names of the 332 horses nominated for the sweepstakes. One by one, in full view of an audience, beautiful girls drew one ticket from each drum, thereby matching each horse with a lucky ticket holder—the odds in favor of being

lucky, obviously, were slightly less than one in a thousand.

But the promised rewards were glittering: one hundred thousand dollars went to each person with a ticket on the winning horse; \$50,000 to the ticket holders whose horse ran second; \$25,000 to those whose horse ran third. Also-rans would divide a pot of \$360,000, depending on how many horses actually ran in the race, which were a lot fewer than the 332 nominated, owing largely to the \$1,500 entrance fee for each competing horse. Last week only eleven horses ran. Those with tickets on the eight also-rans won \$7,500 each. Those with tickets on one of the 321

deposited in the winners' names in the Merchants National Bank of Manchester, and it was up to them to get it out by normal banking procedure.

Getting into the Game. This week tickets go on sale for the first of New Hampshire's two sweepstakes scheduled for 1965. Kentucky is considering a similar sweepstakes, and California is planning to hold a referendum in November on a proposal for a straight lottery at \$2 a ticket, with drawings every month for prizes totaling \$9,000,000.

There are still a few bugs in the bonanza machine. Internal Revenue has ruled that the gross wagers in the sweepstakes are subject to the 10% federal gaming tax, collectable from the state Lottery Commission. New Hampshire contends that this tax,



DRAWING FOR THE NEW HAMPSHIRE SWEEPSTAKES  
For some a headache, for a few a message of joy.

non-runners won \$202.49 apiece. And there were altogether six drawings, making six prizes in every category.

When the favorite, Roman Brother, sprinted in ahead of the pack by a half-length, whoops of joy resounded from Flushing, Mich., to Hyattsville, Md.\* Two winners were actually on hand to witness their triumph. Mrs. Frank Malkus, wife of a Carteret, N.J., barber, burst into tears, displayed her rosary, sobbing, "I held this the whole time." Paul Cordone, a beverage distributor from Gloversville, N.Y., stood up under his \$100,000 winnings more philosophically. "I'm even with horses for life," he exclaimed.

Happiness came by telegram to the other winners, since Post Office regulations prohibit sending any lottery information by mail. Prize money was

\* Just two days earlier, Robert and Mary Froner of Brooklyn—married four months—hit a twin double at New York's Roosevelt Raceway for a U.S. record win of \$172,726 on a \$2 ticket.

passed in early May as a device to prosecute bookies on a tax rap, should not apply to funds being used for educational purposes. Another difficulty is the proliferation of operators who arrange to purchase tickets for out-of-staters for a fee. New Hampshire, a small state, proved easy to police. But Department of Justice officials blanch at the thought of the big-time Cosa Nostras that might move into the situation if states like California or New York get into the lottery game.

The Justice, Treasury and Post Office Departments have been working closely with the Lottery Commission's general counsel, Joseph Millimet, to try to keep everything as legal as possible. One Justice Department spokesman admits that much of the navigating has to be done by the seat of the pants. "Until we get court interpretations of a lot of these things, we won't really know," he said last week. "This is a headache for us, and it's probably going to be a headache for a long time."





U.S. TOURISTS IN ATHENS  
Sell the guitar but see the world.

## TRAVEL

### The Lovely American

Five years ago, even a child could tell: the American tourist was the middle-aged fellow in the sponge-soled shoes, the one who had not come to Europe to share his bathroom with a whole hotel and was not about to leave until he got a snap of the *Mona Lisa*, and not behind glass either. These days, however, the camera-carrying, sports-shirt-wearing crowd is more likely to hail from Munich or Marseille.

The American? He's still around, but his haunts have changed, and so have his looks: he is younger now—often no more than 20—and far less affluent. He crosses the ocean on a charter flight, not a luxury liner, carries no steamer trunk but a single (generally battered) suitcase, and sometimes gets along on a knapsack. He travels in a Volkswagen (also generally battered) or a second-hand scooter, or he hitchhikes. He will stay in hostels or third-class hotels but prefers to bed down in a sleeping bag, never cares what his food is cooked in so long as it is native to the country he is in. The oldtime tourist still holes up at the Ritz and orders three-star meals, but he is vastly outranked by the kids who storm the Continent in increasing numbers every year and leave the U.S. image agreeably altered.

**Loitering for Nuggets.** While countries conditioned to a tourist economy admit that the new wave does not wash up much money on the shore, local officials profess not to care. Said the manager of an Athens hotel: "They never dispute the bills, as the Germans and French do, and they're less haughty than the English." Adds a grateful long-time resident of Rome: "They don't gripe like the oldsters do. They are pre-

pared to be adaptable and anxious not to miss a thing." Remarkably enough, they rarely do.

Mornings, they might take off an hour and find a quiet beach, but they are back in the thick of it before the cathedrals close and bistros beckon them on to a glass of Campari, *reitsina*, or *vin ordinaire*. At some point, of course, they find time to troop into the local American Express, where on a good day, a persevering type can manage to meet a friend, down a Coke, pick up his mail and a girl as well.

**Passing the Hat.** Nonetheless, not all critics think the change is for the good. "Which is preferable," asks a German travel agent, "the grotesque, quasi-colonialist old-style tourists, or the traveling beatniks, who bum their way from city to city, sing folk songs and pass the hat in real and phony artists' dives, and accept any job that will subsidize their tours?" Any Parisian who caught the act along the Rue Scribe this summer would be hard put to make the choice. Daily, the area around American Express headquarters swarmed with disheveled U.S. youths who were so desperate for a hitchhike that they stuck up placards along the walls, and were so broke that they monopolized the sidewalks, hawking everything from motor scooters to souvenir T shirts or even their guitars. The French press, forgetting it was the Filthy Rich Americans that they had always despised, professed horror at what they dubbed "the American Flea Market."

Still and all, the new tourist is generally acknowledged to be less blight than blessing. He is friendly and energetic, full of spirit and a genuine desire to learn customs and language, not just cuisine. Most of all, he is determined to get away from the flashy focus of life at the center and find the crevices and corners that tell what a country is all about. Some, of course, go too far, end up reverse snobs who can easily afford to stay at a spanking-clean, well-located "name" hotel, but would rather die than pass up the "typical English" atmosphere offered, for not a single shilling less, by a quaint old inn that is not only musty and dusty but also assures its guests that the bathroom will be a good long hike away down the hall.

## FASHION

### The Inventive Africans

She was allergic to the sun, terrified of snakes and never met an elephant she couldn't do without, but Jenny Bell Bechtel came home from her first safari with big game under her belt and a blazing career in the bag.

She didn't even have to go deep into the bush around Nairobi to trap her trophies but found them already wrapped, breast-high, around the ladies in the mud huts. To them, the *kikoi* was only a brightly colored piece of cloth, good enough to wear to market, but nothing a native would get restless

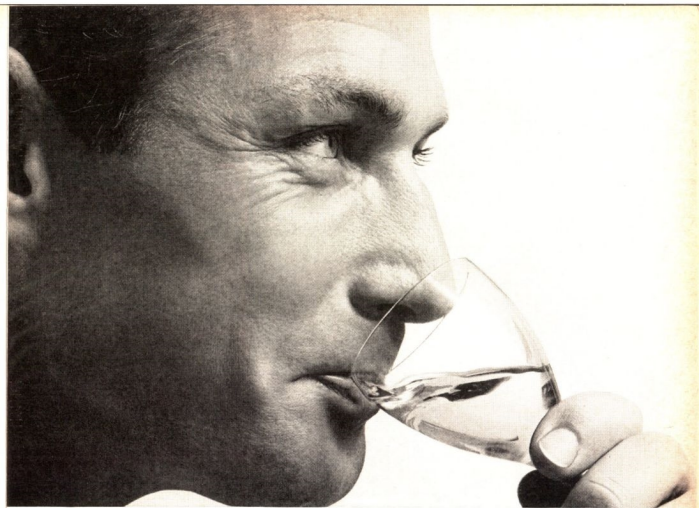
about. Stunning, thought Jenny Bell, and bought some, intending to turn them into tablecloths. But back in Manhattan, she realized that the Kenya hutwives had been right all along: the *kikois* were dashing as dresses. She ran up a few tentative models, found the response so enthusiastic that she ran up a few more. Lord & Taylor ordered 1,000, and promptly sold them; so did Dallas' Neiman-Marcus.

Though she is a touch too pretty to look as if she knew what she was doing, Jenny Bell, 36, is no fashion fledgling. While still a college girl at Sweet Briar, she made the cover of *Mademoiselle* Magazine ("It was scrubbed looks and bangs they were after"). Two years later, she found that no one cared if she scrubbed or grew grimy, ("Sophisticated models were the ones who got jobs"), decided to try her hand at designing instead. After 17 jobs and 13 years on Manhattan's 7th Avenue, she was unemployed. "Manufacturers," she explained, "never did what I asked them to." Some friends who lived in Kenya invited her to go on a safari. She jumped at the chance and onto the next plane.

Back this month from a third expedition, Jenny Bell displayed her wares—*kikois* galore, plus 100 Spanish rugs picked up on a stop in Madrid. Handsome enough on parquet, the rugs will look even better on girls, Jenny Bell thinks, when she shapes them into evening gowns. As for her transformed *kikois*, this year, like last, the styles will vary only slightly—some are sleeveless, some two-piece, some shifts and some full-length. But though every *kikoi* has a border and a sunburst or some scrollwork in the middle, the material of each is unique. Most come inscribed with a message in Swahili, and the girl who cares enough to dig up an interpreter may find she is advertising "Love Is like Grass." For as little as \$29.95, presto! A walking fortune cookie.



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## MEDICINE

### PUBLIC HEALTH

#### The Top Killers

Reporting on the statistics of death in the U.S., the National Health Education Committee, supported by funds from the Albert and Mary Lasker Foundation, left no doubt about the identity of the nation's No. 1 killer: heart, kidney and circulatory diseases, including strokes, which accounted for 55% of the nearly 2,000,000 deaths in 1962. The second-place killer is cancer (16%). The other major causes of death: accidents (6%), diseases in the newborn (4%), influenza and pneumonia (3%), diabetes (2%), congenital malformations (1%), cirrhosis of the liver (1%) and suicide (1%).

#### Death Lurks in the Kitchen

At first glance, the solemn editorial in the A.M.A. *Journal* seemed a generation out of date. Why worry about salmonellosis? This form of food poisoning can be prevented by standard modern methods of hygienic food handling, by common kitchen cleanliness, by proper cooking and by ordinary household refrigeration. But the A.M.A. was worried—and with reason. In the last 20 years, despite modern kitchens the reported cases of salmonellosis have increased tenfold, and so far this year there have been 13,500 cases, a rate that is an ominous 69% above the 1963 level.

The *Salmonella*® bacillus has no fewer than 800 strains, most of which live in the gastrointestinal tracts of chickens, livestock, domestic pets and human carriers. The illness-producing germs are easily spread. Scientific tests have turned up the astonishing fact that as much as 58% of all meat in some U.S. cities is infected.

Once salmonella bacilli have infected a food, they wait patiently for the opportunity to multiply—and one of the places they multiply best is, unfortunately, in U.S. kitchens. Refrigeration curbs but does not kill them; meat or fowl left standing at room temperature for a few hours becomes an ideal breeding place. Unwashed hands and contaminated utensils can also spread the infection. Only thorough cooking kills the germs.

The A.M.A. warns that such foods as cut-up poultry, eggs, prepared meats, cake mixes and custard-filled bakery products are most likely to be contaminated because they are handled so often and so lightly cooked. In May, after 200 people from Utah were stricken with salmonellosis, food detectives traced the cause to infected frozen eggs used by local bakers. An outbreak that affected 300 people in Washington State last year was also traced to a frozen-

egg product used in lemon meringue pies. Modern mass-production methods of food processing sometimes help spread salmonella, for one bad egg, one bad chicken, can contaminate a carload.

A healthy person generally gets over salmonella-caused attacks of diarrhea, vomiting and mild fever in two to five days, but in persons already weakened by other diseases, food poisoning can be fatal. In any case, say U.S. Public Health Service doctors, who share the A.M.A.'s concern about salmonella's upsurge, the problem would be solved if only food handlers would keep their hands clean and if housewives would refrigerate food promptly and take the trouble to heat any leftover meat or fowl at a high temperature for three minutes before serving.



IMPOSTOR NOVAK  
Headed for \$40,000.

### DOCTORS

#### Brilliant & Fantastic

Like any conscientious husband and father, Thomas Novak, 29, wanted to do what he could to protect his family's security. His Detroit medical practice was growing steadily, and he applied for a \$50,000 life-insurance policy.

It was a perfectly usual thing for a doctor to do, but lean, intense Novak was no usual doctor. A 1953 graduate of Detroit's Chadsey High School, Novak had attended an impressive list of universities—Michigan, Johns Hopkins, and Wayne State University College of Medicine. Yet he had never bothered to enroll or take examinations at any of them; he had simply bought medical books and audited lectures. At Wayne he even outfitted himself with a white surgical gown so he could attend operations along with other medical stu-

dents. But everywhere he went his habit was to listen, learn, leave.

In 1960, feeling himself prepared at last to practice, Novak traded a land contract worth \$15,000 for the practice of a retiring doctor. Specializing in internal medicine, he built up a practice that brought in as many as 40 patients a day, wrote an average of 20 prescriptions a day, and quickly won a reputation as a good doctor. When asked about the absence of diplomas on his wall, he said that they were at home. He seldom mingled with colleagues or went to medical meetings lest his masquerade be discovered. His nurse, the wife of a prominent Detroit physician, described his diagnostic talents as "brilliant." His fees were modest (\$5 for an office visit, \$10 for a home call), and he was headed for a \$40,000 income.

Then Novak's luck ran out. In a routine check with the Michigan Board of Registration in Medicine, the insurance company discovered that Novak was not licensed. Calling Novak's case "one of the most fantastic deceptions in Michigan history," the state attorney general hauled him into court. Last week Novak was formally indicted for practicing without a license—an offense that could bring him no more than six months' imprisonment and a \$200 fine. Novak also faces another relatively mild rap. Because he had barbiturates and amphetamines in his office, he was violating Michigan's dangerous-drug act. Maximum penalty for that offense: one year in prison and a \$500 fine.

### VIROLOGY

#### A Vaccine for Cold Sores

To most of its victims, the cold sore that breaks out on the lips is an annoying, repetitive sign of a not too serious infection. But unlike its more benign viral cousins that cause the common cold, the herpes simplex virus that produces cold sores or fever blisters can in rare instances cause blindness, if it spreads to the eye, and death, if it reaches the brain. For years medical researchers have unsuccessfully attempted to concoct a herpes vaccine that would provide immunity.

Last week the *British Medical Journal* finally noted some encouraging news for cold-sore sufferers: in Paris, a team of Pasteur Institute virologists, led by Dr. Pierre Lépine, has developed a vaccine that shows definite promise. They grew herpes simplex virus in cultures of kidney cells taken from sheep embryos; then the live virus was inactivated by exposure to ultraviolet light. As part of the testing program, the vaccine was injected into 20 patients who suffered from recurrent cold sores. After one year, eleven of the patients have had no recurrence of their herpes simplex eruptions, seven patients have shown marked improvement, and only two have failed to benefit from the vaccine.

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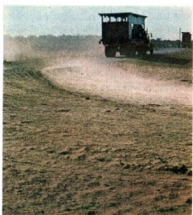
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## THE LAW

### CONSTITUTIONAL LAW

#### The Courts & De Facto

Soon after the Supreme Court's 1954 ruling that segregated schools are "inherently unequal," many Negroes hoped that Northern *de facto* segregation caused by housing patterns would be labeled just as unconstitutional as Southern *de jure* segregation enforced by law. They learned how wrong they were last spring when the court refused to review the only case of *de facto* segregation that has yet reached it—a lower-court decision that Gary, Ind., was not obliged to desegregate 17 schools with enrollments that ranged from 77% to 100% Negro.

The fact is that the Constitution no more requires integrated schools than it guarantees neighborhood schools. It does not even mention the word education. It simply requires equal protection by the laws under the 14th Amendment, meaning in this context that it forbids state-enforced discrimination on the grounds of race.

Intentional school segregation is thus unconstitutional—whether by Southern law or Northern gerrymandering, as New Rochelle, N.Y., discovered in 1961 when the school board was found in a federal district court to have deliberately drawn school-district attendance lines to keep an elementary school 94% Negro. (A circuit court of appeals upheld the decision; the Supreme Court refused to review.) By contrast, unintentional school segregation that merely reflects the local neighborhood is still constitutional—at least until the Supreme Court disagrees.

**Aggressive Administrators.** All this leaves Northern school officials with a choice: they can refuse to remedy *de*

*facto*, as the state superintendent of public instruction did last year in Illinois, or they can move aggressively against it, as they are doing in some parts of New York, New Jersey and California. Whenever they have acted with dispatch, however, the inevitable hurt feelings and protests against their efforts have confronted state courts with groundbreaking questions. If integration is not constitutionally required, can school officials even consider racial factors in making pupil assignments? Is it discrimination against whites, for example, to switch Negro pupils to a previously all-white school?

The courts' unfolding answer is to uphold Northern integration efforts—provided the plans of school administrators have a fair and rational basis. The most significant cases to date have come out of New York. Last year the New York City Board of Education drew the attendance lines for a new Brooklyn junior high school in such a way that its enrollment would be one-third Negro, one-third Puerto Rican and one-third "other" (non-Puerto Rican white). Parents of white children forced to leave their old school for the new one argued in court that the board was violating a state education law providing that "no person shall be refused admission into or be excluded from any public school in the State of New York on account of race, creed, color or national origin."

**Vindicated Power.** The whites won in the trial court, but the board's case was sustained in the state's highest court, the New York Court of Appeals, which ruled that the zoning plan was constitutional and should not be frustrated by using an antidiscrimination law, in effect, as a segregation law, "a result ex-

actly opposite to its purpose." Moreover, the court noted that the white children would have to walk no farther to the new school than the old one. By a conventional court test of administrative rulings, the zoning plan was upheld because it was not "arbitrary, capricious or unreasonable."

A similar decision vindicated the power of New York's state education commissioner to balance a 75% Negro elementary school in Malverne, L.I., by ordering the school board to set up a town-wide "Princeton Plan"—sending all pupils of three grades to one school, all pupils of another two grades to another school, and so on. The education commissioner's order, said the state courts' intermediate-level appellate division, may evoke "strong, emotional, negative reactions in persons of contrary views," but that, "does not make his decision arbitrary."

**First-Round Limits.** By now, New York's lower courts have gotten the message. In Queens, the first-level State Supreme Court has just upheld the board of education's "pairing" plan to redistribute Negro and white pupils between two schools that are only five blocks apart. The pairing plan is unlikely to produce "oppressive results or hardships," ruled the court, and may in fact produce more teachers and smaller classes for pupils of all races.

Thus in New York, school officials have won court sanction to attack *de facto* segregation within at least prudent and reasonable limits. But the Supreme Court has not yet spoken.

### DOMESTIC RELATIONS

#### Custody by Committee?

Courts agree that in custody cases the basic issue is "the best interests of the child," but a big question remains: Who is the best judge of the child's interests? Traditionally, parents battle it out between themselves in contests often marked more by emotion than reason. When they reach no decision, they appeal to the courts, where rulings may be based more on custom than psychology. In any case, the child may be the chief casualty. Now, an eminent psychiatrist recommends a novel approach: custody by committee.

In the *Yale Law Journal*, Dr. Lawrence S. Kubie, former president of the American Psychosomatic Society, criticizes present methods of determining custody and visitation rights as often being imperfect and inflexible—representing "a compromise between the demands and feelings of contending parents." There is, he says, a lack of "machinery first for discovering and then for serving the changing needs of the child. . . . There may be times when a child needs the constant attention and affection of his mother, others when his father's masculine image is of primary importance." But although courts can and do change custody provisions, which is just what Mrs. Nelson Rockefeller is



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asking the New York Supreme Court to do for her four children (TIME, Sept. 11), the process is almost always slow and distasteful.

**Group Wisdom.** Under Kubie's plan, which he reports is being tried by a growing number of separated and divorced couples, the parents agree privately to share the child, then select an impartial committee composed of a pediatrician, a child psychiatrist, an educator and a lawyer or clergyman. The committee arbitrates any disagreements the parents could not work out themselves. The parents also appoint a separate "adult ally," another child specialist, with the job of winning the child's confidence and reporting to the commit-



PSYCHIATRIST KUBIE

*What is best for the child?*

tee on problems that the boy or girl might not confess to either mother or father.

"Adjustments can thus be made without publicity, controversy or great expense," says Dr. Kubie. "The child will also have the psychological advantage of retaining active contact with both parents. No individual and no committee can hope for the wisdom of Solomon. Yet it is likely that the committee will arrive at wise conclusions more consistently than the parent."

**Prerogatives Preserved.** Psychiatrist Kubie is aware that his suggestion of custody by private committee appears to raise a legal question: If widely adopted, might it tend to usurp court prerogatives in custody matters? The answer, he feels, is probably no. And in a student note appended to Kubie's article, the *Yale Journal* agrees. It points out that courts, as the ultimate arbiters of family disputes, would always have the right to review committee decisions at the request of either parent. Moreover, suggests the note, over-worked courts might be helping themselves by heeding the consensus of such private councils in difficult custody disputes.

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## RELIGION

### THE VATICAN COUNCIL Speedup

The first two sessions of the Vatican Council proceeded as if the bishops had a leisurely century to do the job. The third, which opens in Rome this week, may act as if the devil were dogging the bishops' footsteps; it promises to be the most productive in accomplishment.

Council leaders believe that the bishops have had enough time to impress their flocks back home with set speeches. This fall, prelates must submit copies of their talks five days ahead of time, thereby allowing the four council moderators to weed out repetitions. Moreover, six of the schemata—on the Eastern churches, missionary activity, priests, seminaries, schools, and the religious—will be put to the bishops as take-it-or-leave-it propositions without debate.

**Principal Testimony.** Streamlining the schemata has left the bishops free to consider the theological issues that will constitute the council's principal testimony: the nature of the church, ecumenism, the duties of bishops, divine revelation, and—if time allows—marriage and the church in the modern world. Also scheduled for debate are two declarations that are strongly backed by the U.S. hierarchy: 1) a ringing affirmation of every man's right to worship as his conscience dictates, and 2) a somewhat less than forthright condemnation of anti-Semitism.

Many Catholics believe that the council has already completed its essential job, in giving its imprimatur to worldwide currents of church renewal and in opening the doors to further free debate about still unseen change. Nonetheless, some Vaticanologists believe that a "purple backlash" of bishops whose zest for reform has cooled may temper the results of the council. Some U.S. prelates who privately shrug off their early enthusiasm for John XXIII may be inclined this session to side with

the Roman Curia, which has worked skillfully to limit the council's powers. One sign of this veer toward conservatism: on the Rome press panel set up by the U.S. hierarchy, which offered daily guidance on the council to bishops and priests as well as journalists, three of the most liberal interpreters—German Moral Theologian Bernard Haring, Labor Expert Monsignor George Higgins and Paulist Father John Sheerin of the *Catholic World*—have been replaced by less renewal-minded men.

**Prudent Change.** Much depends on Pope Paul VI, whose encouragement of church reform has been balanced by a desire to conciliate the Curia professionals he must work with in governing the church. Last week, however, Paul indicated that his sympathies still lie with prudent change. He announced that for the first time in church history a select few nuns and laywomen would attend the council as auditors. And to open the third session, he planned to celebrate a pontifical Mass together with 24 bishops from around the world. Concelebration is an ancient practice restored to the Roman rite by the second session's far-reaching liturgical constitution; it is also a not-so-subtle hint of his support for the progressive idea of collegiality—the theory that the bishops share ruling power over the church with the Pope.

### ORTHODOXY

#### His Beatitude the President

To his Turkish enemies he is Satan incarnate; the British press dubbed him Mack the Knife. Western diplomats find him wily and willful, sly and stubborn—the man most likely to fumble the world into war. But in the eyes of the Greeks of Cyprus, His Beatitude Makarios III, Archbishop of Nova Justiniana and all Cyprus, is almost a living saint who can do no wrong. Though he is architect and President of the island republic, Makarios is also head of Cyprus' Orthodox Church, and he spends almost as much energy serving God as bedeviling man.

Instead of an episcopal staff, Makarios, 51, carries a kingly scepter, and he signs all his documents in red ink. These are not the personal eccentricities of the only cleric to govern a sovereign nation, but privileges accorded the archbishops of Cyprus by 5th century Byzantine Emperor Zeno as his tribute to one of Christendom's most ancient strongholds. It was only a dozen years after Jesus' death that the apostle Paul brought Christianity to Cyprus, and Paul's companion, Barnabas, be-



MAKARIOS BAPTIZING  
To his own, an almost saint.

came the island's first bishop and patron saint. In 431, the Council of Ephesus awarded self-government to the church in Cyprus, and its archbishop ranked fifth in Orthodoxy's rigid hierarchy, after the patriarchs of Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch and Jerusalem.

**"Nobody Else."** About four-fifths of the 450,000 Cypriots are Orthodox Greeks, who cherish a church that suffered with them through centuries of turmoil. Moslem Arabs invaded and devastated the island from the 7th to the 11th centuries; in the 13th, Frankish rulers persecuted monks and priests who refused to pledge allegiance to the Pope. The Ottoman Turks, conquering the island in 1571, paradoxically heightened the church's influence by appointing Orthodox bishops as local ethnarchs to collect taxes and run schools, thus preserving the language, culture, hopes and religion of Greece. By the time Britain took control over Cyprus in 1878, the bishops had lost their civil powers. But the tradition of clerical leadership still prevailed when the Cypriots sought a President after gaining a guarantee of independence from Britain in 1959. "There was no other leader, nobody else but the archbishop," says the dean of Nicosia's seminary.

Son of a farmer, Makarios was born Mikhail Mouskos, entered the 12th century monastery of Kykko at the age of 13, took his present name, which in Greek means blessed, when he became a deacon. Makarios studied theology at the University of Athens, and after his ordination in 1946 he went to Boston University on a World Council of Churches scholarship. He was elected Bishop of Citium two years later, became Archbishop of Cyprus in 1950 at the age of 37.

Orthodox canon law forbids clergymen to kill, and Makarios has never



PAUL VI BLESSING  
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been seen with a gun. But he provided leadership and funds for arms to the island's rebels, and during the 1955-59 rebellion Britain exiled him for a year on the Seychelles Islands in the Indian Ocean. Then, admitting defeat, the British invited Makarios to the London settlement talks, and he returned to Cyprus to be elected the first President.

Yet he is rarely called by that title. "The church always comes first," says his aide. "Any priest who wants to can see him at any time, no matter how critical the diplomatic or military situation." The archbishop rises at 6 to pray, spends at least three hours a day fussing with church affairs. He personally approves every application to enter the Nicosia seminary, presides over many marriages and funerals as well as the baptism of all twelfth-born children. Every Sunday, Makarios celebrates the Divine Liturgy in Nicosia's small, dark cathedral. When he preaches, his forceful style and gestures are reminiscent of Billy Graham, whose crusades Makarios watches on film.

**Prestige of Office.** Makarios has vastly strengthened Cypriot Orthodoxy. He has built twelve new churches in the past five years, provided funds to modernize dozens more, raised the salaries of impoverished village priests. He founded the first Orthodox seminary in Cyprus since the Middle Ages, started a new archdiocesan printing house that puts out a lively and theologically provocative monthly. Makarios is acutely sensitive to the prestige of his office. He has mapped out plans for a vast new cathedral in Nicosia, and lives in a grandiose new archiepiscopal palace fitted with Greek and Cypriot furniture and 19th century French religious art. The church owns nearly 20% of the island's farm land and controls the profitable Cyprus Wine & Spirits Co., which makes beer, wine and brandy.

"Once I have attained my people's aspirations," Makarios says, "I would like to devote myself fully to the Lord's work." Many diplomats who have reluctantly come to admire the archbishop's considerable political skills devoutly agree with that sentiment, but find it hard to believe that he could happily retire to running Cyprus' Orthodox Church.

## BAPTISTS

### "We Are Statesmen"

The nation's largest Negro church is the National Baptist Convention, U.S.A., Inc. Its 5,000,000 members are fond of fervent gospel songs and sin-damning sermons, and show little interest in merging with more staid and sober white Baptist groups. Their kind of leader is the Rev. Joseph Harrison Jackson, the grandfatherly ecclesiastical politician who last week in Detroit was overwhelmingly elected to his twelfth consecutive term as National Baptist president.

Mississippi-born Dr. Jackson was first

elected to the presidency shortly after the National Baptists had amended their constitution to limit tenure of the presidency to four one-year terms. In 1957, there was much hollering and chair throwing at the church's annual meeting when Jackson declared the amendment illegal and won himself an extra term. Three years later, the anti-Jackson forces united behind the Rev. Gardner Taylor of Brooklyn, but his election to the presidency was eventually overturned by the church's board of directors after a court battle. After failing to unseat Jackson in 1961 at a meeting so quarrel-ridden that one minister died during the commotion, most of Jackson's opponents quit the church to form the Progressive National Bap-

FRANK WURLE



PRESIDENT JACKSON

Picketing doesn't go with praying.

tist Convention, which now claims about 500,000 followers.

Because he has stayed aloof from the civil rights revolution, Jackson is often called an "Uncle Tom" by local leaders of CORE, SNICK and N.A.A.C.P.; civil rights pickets periodically march outside his Olivet Baptist Church in south Chicago. In return, Jackson has denounced as un-Christian demonstrations outside segregated churches, and insists: "I can't harmonize picketing with praying." Jackson condemns civil disobedience on the ground that no one has the right "to break any law, even if it is morally wrong." He believes that integration should be achieved strictly through governmental process, and has urged his National Baptists to concentrate their efforts on voter-registration campaigns and congressional lobbying.

Jackson may well be out of step with the main trend of Negro feeling, but he notes with satisfaction that some civil rights leaders, in the aftermath of this summer's racial riots, have called for a moratorium on mass demonstrations. "We are not Uncle Toms," he insists. "We are statesmen. We cannot be saved as a people unless America is saved as a nation."



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# SHOW BUSINESS

## ACTRESSES

### Housewife in Houriland

It should be a cold day somewhere when the reigning American sex queen is a middle-aged housewife, but that is the situation now. Hollywood's highest flying skirts and tightest slacks now belong to Carroll Baker. Through si-mooms of expensive publicity, she occupies the place of Marilyn Monroe and all the Lana Turners, Jean Harlows, and Theda Baras before her.

She is the varsity sexpot in *The Carpetbaggers*, swinging seminude on a tinkling chandelier (TIME, July 3). She is completing a picture called *Sylvia*, in which she plays a call girl who was raped by her father when she was 13. And most notably, she will begin work next month on Joe Levine's production of *Harlow*, inspired by Irving Shulman's keyholing biography.

Carroll Baker is also something new in sex bombs in that she can act quite respectably; but her background at least has the familiar, tempestuous sound of some of the biographies of her predecessors. Her father is a farmer *manqué* who now runs an appliance store in Pittsburgh. "Our household had much strife," Carroll says. "If I ever write an autobiography, I will start at 18. I don't like to concentrate on things that are morbid. My parents gave me nothing spiritual or ethical or moral—no set of standards by which to live." When she went to Pittsburgh for the local première of *The Carpetbaggers*, her father

refused to see her. He hasn't spoken to her for ten years.

Her father and mother were divorced when she was eleven. Her mother remarried and moved to Florida, where Carroll met a magician called The Great Volta. Volta trained her to do her own magic act. She could pluck priceless treasures out of thin air, or shake up a boxful of loose stones, reach in, and remove a tiara. All this was done by wires and other devices, since Karol Carroll (as she was billed) was insufficiently nimble for true prestidigitation.

On the Mound. Later, she became a nightclub chorine in Manhattan and was briefly married to an aging ex-furrier. She tried TV commercials and was the sweet young pause that refreshes for Coca-Cola. Those were the days of live commercials and live dramas, all on the same set. "I looked at the actors," says Carroll, "and thought, 'Well, gee, I don't know what the big deal is. Learning how to do magic must be harder than learning to act.'"

She proved, incredibly, that this was so. She joined the Actors Studio and was soon winning good notices on Broadway for her part in Robert Anderson's *All Summer Long*. She played the daughter of Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson in 1956's *Giant*, whose director, George Stevens, was so impressed with her that he declared her as promising a rookie as young Whitey Ford of the New York Yankees.

But the film that established her and

has almost forced the shape of her career was Tennessee Williams' *Baby Doll*, in which she lay in a crib sucking her thumb, a physically developed, mentally retarded 19-year-old symbol of unprotected sex. Its seduction scene—in a garden swing—is still discussed by old men on winter evenings. "It's amazing that *Baby Doll* is the one movie I've done that no one has forgotten," she says now. "I tried to get away into different parts, but I find that audiences want me as an image only in the sexy way."

Ready to Go. There is something wrong, though. The harsh truth is that no one—not even Joe Levine or the greatest possible Volta—could turn Carroll Baker into the luscious figurehead of sex that she is advertised to be. She is simply not the type. In *The Carpetbaggers*, she wears all sorts of skin-fitting slacks and radioactive underclothes, but she always looks like a suburban mother who is not quite well. The suggestion of Mann Act joy that she achieved in *Baby Doll* has been rinsed away. Capping her head with platinum has cheapened but not ripened her.

It is not her fault. At 33, she is an uneccentric star, who is only—as always in her life—trying to do what is expected of her, rather than what she herself might prefer. At the moment she is gamely making personal appearances in transparent dresses to plug the cardboard coquettes of her present and future films. She sends her children, Blanche and Herschel, to Beverly Hills' public school, and methodically charts her career with her husband, Director Jack Garfein. Her one unusual hobby is eating ice cream cones for breakfast every day.

Preparing herself for *Harlow*, she is dutifully smoking through a cigarette holder, dropping a shoulder strap, seeing all of Harlow's movies, and reading everything that has been written about her. "I'm going to try to capture her importance—her image on the screen," says Carroll Baker. "And as far as the insides go, I don't think it will be that hard. There's not much difference in women who suffer."

## COMEDIANS

### The Campaign Jokes

Following the death of President Kennedy, political humor all but ceased to be a genre of show business, and long after candidates were back on the stump and fustian had returned to the air, comedians were still relatively silent. Mort Sahl was practically the third nominee in 1960 (TIME Cover, Aug. 15, 1960), but last spring and summer neither he nor any other comic made a significant bid for new stature in the field. Yet now that the actual campaign has begun, the nation's comedians have felt the call to duty, and they seem to be ready.

Sahl, for example, says that Lyndon Johnson is "the first President in his-



CARROLL BAKER AS BABY DOLL



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PRACTICING FOR HARLOW



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tory to put the country in his wife's name." Mentioning Bobby Baker, Mort adds: "Bobby gave Lyndon an expensive stereo set, but Lyndon wasn't really happy with it. What Lyndon really wanted was components—something that could be hidden away in closets."

**Ivy Lyndon.** Negro Comedian Dick Gregory, working at the Crescendo in Los Angeles, has entered the campaign too. "You know when I found out that Goldwater is square? When he called Lyndon Johnson Ivy League." And, "I'm going to vote for Johnson in November, if for no other reason than that he talks like us." Goldwater? "He's the only cat who could stand on the Israel border and get shot at from both sides."

For his first TV show of the new season next week, Bob Hope has already taped a couple of political notes. "It was thrilling the way Johnson chose his running mate at the convention," goes one. "He just picked Humphrey up by his ears." About the President's anti-poverty bill, Hope quips: "From now on, it's against the law to be poor—unless you're a Republican, and then it's expected of you."

Mark Russell says that the Senator sometimes signs his name "Barry Goldwater, L.B.J." That is, "Little Bit Jewish." Russell, who has been working at Bobby Baker's Carousel motel in Ocean City, Md., and opens at the Shoreham in Washington, D.C., next week, will be taking with him another item that concerns Hubert Humphrey, Phar. D. "The fact that Humphrey has a degree in pharmacy would be very handy," says Russell. "Some hot day, Johnson could say: 'Hubert, make me a malted.'"

**Goldbottle's Boys.** In Greenwich Village, a trio called Jim, Jake, and Joan appear at the Bitter End Café doing imaginary interviews. Sample:

**Interviewer:** Mrs. Johnson, what was the first thing you did when you moved into the White House?

**Lady Bird:** I sold my slaves.

Near by, at another coffeehouse called Phase Two, Resident Satirist Frank Lee Wilde observes that Bobby Kennedy is the only person who has not yet been Premier of South Viet Nam—and that is simply because they have a residence requirement. "So Kennedy is traveling around New York State instead, and 'at every stop he opens the carpetbag and out jumps Mayor Wagner.'"

Elsewhere in Greenwich Village, the cast at The Premise is telling its audiences that Goldwater's first major address as President will begin as follows: "Ten . . . nine . . . eight . . . seven . . . six . . . five . . . four . . . To anyone who might wonder what life would be like under President Goldwater, the answer is: 'Brief.'"

Comedians are not the only show-business volunteers on the satirical side of the campaign. The word is that Dean Martin has calmed the fears of Sammy

Davis Jr. by telling him: "Don't worry, Sammy. If Goldwater wins, I'll buy you." And an outfit called Panic Productions has released an LP album called *I'd Rather Be Far Right Than President*, which imaginatively follows Goldwater to victory and into office, chronicling his first presidential moves, such as withdrawing recognition from Britain, India, Sweden, and Switzerland, kicking the man from the New York Times out of a press conference, warring on poverty with thermonuclear bombs, installing a nuclear warhead in every privately owned plane in the country, and talking with Khrushchev on his ham radio. Says Khrush: "How's by you, Goldbottle?"

Another LP album, called *Folk Songs for Conservatives*, was purportedly recorded at a "hatenanny" where groups like the Four Bigots and Noel X and His Unbleached Muslims sang such traditional folk material as *Hang Earl Warren to a Sour Apple Tree*.

Among conventional performers, Manhattan's Plaza 9 and the Chad Mitchell Trio have recorded an item called *Barry's Boys*:

**Why, Dad once crusaded for Sacco-Vanzetti,**

**Now all we're doing is doing the same for Jean Paul Getty . . .**

**Were Barry's boys.**

The real Barry's boys are obviously taking a lot of guff from all over, but at least they have not lost their own sense of humor. At Goldwater's national headquarters in Washington, the faithful are cheerfully prepared to supply on request any and all good jokes they have heard about their man. For example, they offer this one about the moment when Barry gets sworn in as President. "Repeat after me," says Chief Justice Warren: "I swear to protect this nation against its enemies, foreign and domestic, so help me God."

"I swear," repeats Barry, "to protect this nation against its enemies foreign and domestic, so help me God. You're under arrest, Warren."

## BOX OFFICE

### The Unsinkable Molly Green

This week, as *The Unsinkable Molly Brown* begins its tenth and final week at Manhattan's Radio City Music Hall, the picture will set an alltime Music Hall record for box-office gross—something close to \$2,000,000. About 21,000 people a day have been queuing their way to *Molly* despite all the heat of summer. She thus breaks the \$1,885,335 record of 1962's *That Touch of Mink*, a Cary Grant, which in turn replaced *Fanny* (\$1,573,580), which in turn replaced *The Great Caruso* (\$1,390,943).

The Music Hall runs a picture as long as it keeps earning at least \$102,000 a weekend (actually Thursday through Sunday). Both *Random Harvest* and *The Greatest Show on Earth* ran for eleven weeks, but did not gross as much as the others.

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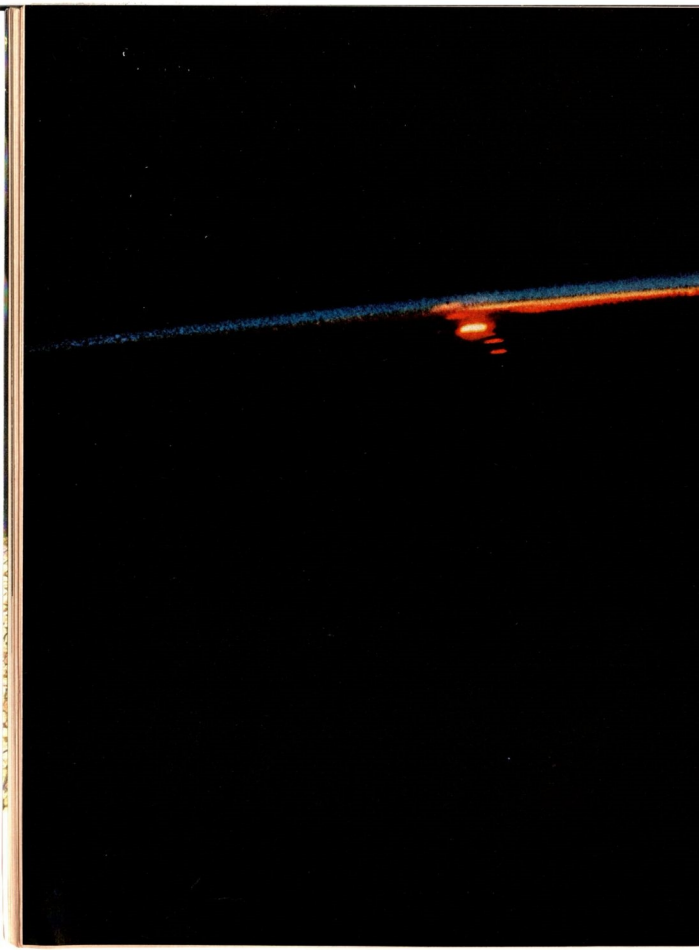
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# MUSIC

## AVANT-GARDE

### Stuffed Bird at 48 Sharp

The idea, the director explained, is "a collage of music with action."

The music was electronic, but the action was clearly electrifying as Karlheinz Stockhausen's *Originale* was presented as the top event of Manhattan's second annual Avant-Garde Festival.

It all started when Cologne's small Theater am Dom commissioned Stockhausen, 36, Germany's leading exponent of nonmusical music, to do a play. Stockhausen had eight friends with artistic talents of sorts—a painter, a poet, an amateur moviemaker, a Korean

Henry Flynt favors "compositions" in which a group of people assemble in a dark room while ether is blown through the air vents.

The New York production featured two white hens, a chimpanzee, six fish floating in two bowls suspended from the ceiling, a shapely model stripping to her black lace panties and bra, and a young man who squirted himself all over with shaving lather and then jumped into a tub of water.

**Fish in Bowls.** As the *Kontakte* musical score—a mixture of taped airport drones, traffic noise, radio static, mixed in with homemade sounds from drum, piano, saxophone and cello—unwinds, the performers follow carefully drawn stage directions. At 48 minutes sharp, for instance, the percussionist is in-

actors with the fruit. The hall was packed for all five performances.

Back in Cologne, Stockhausen was unmoved either by the critical jeers or the audience's muffled cheers. "The play gave me an experience I should not want to miss. Everything else is of no interest to me," says he.

## SONGS

### Dolly's My Sunflower

Everywhere you go, it's *Hello, Dolly!* Everybody is doing it: modern jazz groups, Dixieland groups, dance bands. Paul Anka, Frank Sinatra, Peter Nero, Al Hirt, Benny Goodman, Andy Williams, Steve Lawrence, Andre Kostelanetz. "I guess there hasn't been a big hit like this since *Star Dust*," says Manhattan Disk Jockey William B. Williams.

Jerry Herman originally wrote it just as a production number to get Carol

BURTON BENJAMIN



MODEL STRIPPING

composer, a newspaper vendor, a street singer and two musicians. He also had a 94-minute composition called *Kontakte*, which blended canned electronic sounds and instrumental music. He wrote a "score" in which his various friends were instructed to perform all or part of their specialties on a rigid time schedule coordinated to the composition. Scandalized city fathers, who had made all these goings-on possible through a subsidy to the arts, tried to ban the production.

**Bearded Beats.** No avant-gardist could resist a success like that, and when an English translation became available this year, the New York festival's sponsors leaped at it. Allan Kaprow, the inventor of "happenings," was signed up as director, and Allen Ginsberg, grand old man of the beats, was persuaded to take on the exacting role of the poet. The opening at Judson Hall could not have been more auspicious; it was picketed by a rival group calling itself "Fluxus," bearing signs: "Fight the rich man's snob art." Fluxus Leader



STOCKHAUSEN'S "ORIGINALE" AT JUDSON HALL  
The apples weren't for eating.

structed to "feed all animals, fish in bowls, birds and/or fowl in cages or wooden crates. A stuffed bird in cage is also fed." The director is told "to enter with an ape or with a pack of dogs on leash." At 68 minutes, the painter is instructed to "begin throwing nails on magnetic surface."

Celast Charlotte Moorman, who had a concert to herself earlier in the festival in which she played a duet with a mechanized robot equipped with twirling foam-rubber breasts, is told at 36 minutes to "play and sing for four minutes." She can perform anything she likes, so one night she played a Boccherini piece, another night Bach. At 15 minutes, during "a long pause," she is free to do whatever she wants and made dark plans to give Poet Ginsberg a much needed shave, "if he does not resist too much."

**Also Beans.** Viewer participation was induced by bombarding the audience with leaflets, pink toilet paper, dried beans and rotten green apples. One thoroughly Stockhausen'd blonde thought apples were for eating, but the rest of the gardists in the audience knew better. They responded by pelting the

Channing onstage in the second act of his Broadway musical. Then Louis Armstrong's recording hit the counters. Typically, Satchmo gave it a rasping rhythm and lowdown authority—qualities it never had in the original—and his single recording knocked the Beatles right off the top of the bestselling lists. Both Republicans and Democrats wanted to cash in on the song's popularity, but *Dolly* Producer David Merrick, a loyal Democrat, gave the tune exclusively to Johnson for *Hello, Lyndon!* and threatened to sue Barry Goldwater if he dared use it.

Now Los Angeles Composer Mack David says *Dolly* is his and Herman is a pirate. *Dolly*, he charges, is really the *Sunflower* song, which he wrote in 1948, and his publisher is ready to sue Herman for copyright infringement. The beginning of the refrain, "Hello, Dolly, well, hello, Dolly, it's so . . ." is identical, says the publisher, with "She's a sunflower, she's my sunflower." Herman concedes this, but points out that after the first notes "the songs take off in different directions." Whether she's Herman's *Dolly* or David's *Sunflower*, she's still glowing, crowing, going strong.



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## THE PRESS

### NEWSPAPERS

#### More Early Picks

"This 1964 campaign is loaded with uncertainties," said the New York Daily News, warming up its editorial columns for the long debate that leads to November. "But one thing seems at least 99% certain: that it is going to be our most exciting and fiercely fought presidential battle in decades. Excuse us a moment while we lick our chops."

**Early Rash.** The News might well have added that much of the excitement and ferocity has been supplied by the press. Rarely in a presidential year have so many newspapers betrayed such impatient eagerness to referee the campaign—or to influence its outcome. The Chicago Tribune declared for Barry Goldwater even before he was formally his party's choice, and dozens of other papers have decided not to follow the time-honored custom of hearing the candidates out before making up their editorial minds.

The rash of early newspaper endorsements may also have inflicted permanent damage to the image of a one-party press. Already in Lyndon Johnson's trophy room, for instance, are such normally Republican-sympathizing papers as the Kansas City Star, the Chicago Sun-Times, and three of the eight dailies in once Republican Vermont.

Last week Johnson picked up two more metropolitan Republican prizes: Walter Annenberg's Philadelphia papers, the morning Inquirer and the evening News. Said the Inquirer, which had never in 135 years backed a Democrat for President: "This newspaper is convinced that it would be dis-

astrous for this nation, disastrous for the two-party system, and disastrous for world peace, to have Barry Goldwater in the White House."

**Sneaking Suspicion.** Goldwater, in the meantime, has been gathering newspaper support all over that traditionally Democratic preserve, the South. Among his more recent converts are the Chattanooga, Tenn., News—Free Press and the Natchez, Miss., Democrat. Last week he got the support of four papers in Alabama and Mississippi owned by Ralph Nicholson.

What effect such impetuous and enthusiastic side picking may have on the election was a question for which at least one newspaper had a ready answer. "For many years," said the Wall Street Journal, "it has been our practice not to announce our support for any candidate in the quadrennial presidential campaigns. We don't propose this year either to tell our readers whom to vote for. One reason is that we suspect it would be futile. We even have a sneaking suspicion that most American voters are unmoved by the traditional endorsements offered by newspaper editors, labor leaders, businessmen or their next-door neighbors."

### CARTOONISTS

#### Down Under to Denver

Lyndon was unmistakably Lyndon, right down to the bifurcated chin. Barry was incontrovertibly Barry—box jaw, brow wrinkles, horn rims and all. Few U.S. cartoonists have so deftly distilled the spirit of these two men as Australia's Patrick Bruce Oliphant, 29, a recent arrival who has not yet set eyes on either Johnson or Goldwater and who took over the editorial cartoonist's drawing board at the Denver Post only last month.

Pat Oliphant came to the Post from Australia at the end of a six-month search for a worthy successor to Cartoonist Paul Conrad, who left Denver for a better-paying job on the Los An-



DENVER POST CARTOON OF SPORTS TV  
Boning up paid off.



DENVER POST'S OLIPHANT  
His jokes are Punk's.

geles Times (TIME, Jan. 31). Although the Post passed over a field of 50 domestic applicants to hire Oliphant, the choice had a certain inevitability. His draftsmanship bears comparison to Conrad's, and he has the same flair for tapping the comic vein. To make sure that the Post got his point, Oliphant, who had read of Conrad's resignation in TIME, wasted no time bidding for the job, sending along samples of his work from the Adelaide Advertiser.

**Penguin Puns.** A self-taught, left-handed cartoonist, Pat Oliphant since 1955 had amused the 200,000 subscribers of the Advertiser, where he had moved up from copy boy. But he had long pined to pack up his pen and take it to the U.S. Both he and his trim, Dutch-born wife Hendrika (winner of the South Australian breaststroke championship in 1955) have boned up on American mores and politics against the day that one of Oliphant's endless job applications to U.S. papers paid off.

The Denver Post's new employee soon showed he could deftly lampoon such American practices as commercialized sports TV. Embedded in each Oliphant panel is a kind of sub-cartoon featuring a penguin called Punk. Punk's antics lured even children to the Advertiser's editorial page. They may well do the same in Denver, where they are already earning a reputation as "Oliphant jokes."

**Gentle Restriction.** The Republican-oriented Post has pledged Oliphant the same within-bounds latitude that Democrat Conrad enjoyed. "He's not allowed to contradict editorial policy," said Editorial Page Editor Mort Stern, "but he's within broad limits. It's never a question of 'do this.'" Cartoonist Oliphant is not likely to chafe at this gentle restriction. The Post endorsed Kennedy in 1960 and will back Johnson this year; Oliphant's attitudes are similar. "I tend to lean Democratic now," he said. "But I don't believe a cartoonist should come out one way or another." Newcomer Oliphant's first-blush impression of U.S. politics: "Very cartoonable."

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## MUSEUMS

## Napoleonic Dandy

The Island of Corsica is notorious for its ill-tempered *Cap Corse* aperitifs, its vile *figatelli* sausage, and Napoleon, who left it as soon as he could. It is not known for art; yet the capital of Ajaccio (pop. 32,000) has a rich remnant of what was once one of Europe's



BOTTICELLI'S "VIRGIN WITH GARLAND"

Once thought a fake.

greatest collections. Ajaccio used to think that the thousand paintings in the municipal museum were fakes, but the late Bernard Berenson disproved that judgment in 1959. Now the collection is becoming a focus of European art interest.

While Napoleon was busy collecting countries, his maternal half uncle, a priest named Joseph Fesch, was busy collecting art. Pulling rank (he soon became a cardinal) Fesch acquired Dutch masters, Italian primitives and renaissance greats. Waterloo meant little to Fesch; he simply moved into the Vatican; but after that he had to rely more on his eye. Once in a junk shop he spied a cupboard with a finely painted door, even though one plank was missing. Later, he found the missing section as part of a stool. Today the picture is on view in the Vatican museum—Leonardo da Vinci's *St. Jerome*.

Fesch once guessed that he owned 30,000 art works. He bequeathed 1,000 of them to a "study museum" in Ajaccio. The museum is still too small to show more than a fourth of the collection at a time, and there is no accurate catalogue for the Botticellis, Bellinis and Lorenzos di Credis that vie for wall space. Nevertheless it is, indirectly, the best thing Napoleon ever did for Corsica.

## PAINTING

## Most Happy Fella

Robert Rauschenberg is utterly open-minded in defining art. He has painted completely black pictures and completely white ones. Once he tried making pictures out of dirt packed in boxes; when grass sprang up, he was delighted. Wheeling a drawing out of Willem de Kooning, the dean of abstract expressionists, he laboriously erased it, and then boldly displayed it under the label *Erased De Kooning Drawing*, Robert Rauschenberg 1953.

The boyish, lean Texan, now 38, is thus the most relentless experimenter in U.S. art. Experiment has led him to make much coy or trashy art, but also it has eventually led him to such original and important work as *Tracer* (opposite page). He won the Venice Biennale this summer, and his works are now as well known in London and Tokyo as in New York. He and his friend Jasper Johns are the leading painters of their generation.

*Truth in Garbage*, Rauschenberg has been called a neo-Dadaist, a belated abstract expressionist, a junk assemblage, a pop artist, a hyper-cubist, even an anti-artist and, of course, a nut. "Great!" he says. "I like that. I'm only concerned when the critics stop changing their minds and get a fix on me." Getting a fix is hard because change is the essence of his experimentation. Yet at the heart of Rauschenberg's work is a clear conviction that a heightened order of truth can be found in everything and anywhere, even in the garbage dump. "Art," he says, in what must be one of its broadest definitions, "is what things become when you use them." His pictures provoke the thought, as an English critic put it, that if a viewer could "switch to Rauschenberg-vision, everything in the world would become a beautiful work of art. Even himself."

"Painting relates to both art and life," Rauschenberg once said. "I try to act in the gap between the two." For him, painting must neither seek the illusion of being something nor become the projection of the self onto the canvas, as it was for Abstract Expressionists Pollock and Kline. Nor is painting social protest to a man of always sunny disposition: "I like society and don't want to leave it."

*Helicopters & Rubens*. It is this attitude that made Rauschenberg a primordial pop artist, and now allows him to transcend pop's implicit danger of banality. He has reopened the question of whether or not artists—after 50 years of peering into the unconscious mind—can again approach the everyday world of facts, events, objects and images, rip them from their common contexts and give the familiar an unfamiliar beauty.

Juxtaposed in *Tracer* are Army heli-

copters, a Rubens nude, a bald eagle, a street scene, all balanced in colorful harmonies and anchored by skeletal perspective boxes. As pure forms in relation, they make amusing pictorial sense—the ethereal blue nude seated on a parti-colored pedestal. There is no hidden allegory—no esoteric relationship between the birds and the helicopters. No set of footnotes is needed to explain the picture. Still, the images come from the real world and therefore evoke, as Rauschenberg's dealer, Leo Castelli, puts it, "something deeper, more visceral than pure optics."

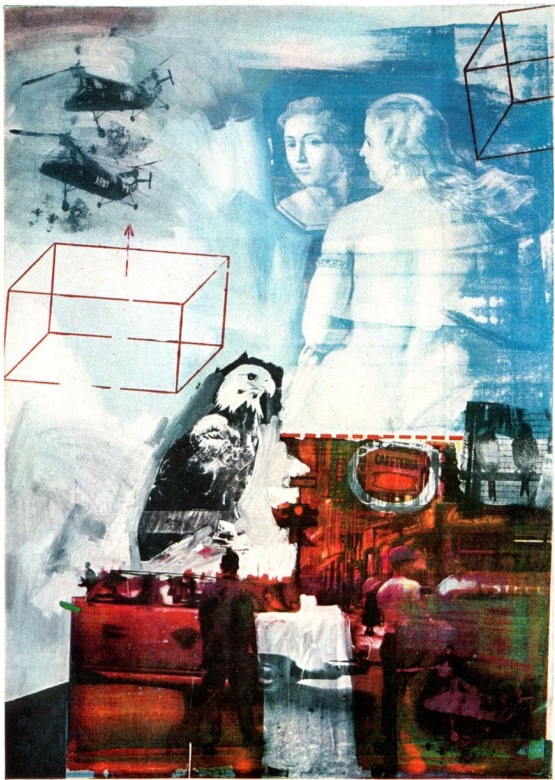
*Sorcerer's Apprentice*. Born in Port Arthur, Texas, of German and Cherokee Indian parentage, Rauschenberg served as a naval corpsman until the end of World War II. A talent for sketching led him to the Kansas City Art Institute, then on to Paris. In 1948 he read in *TIME* that the greatest art disciplinarian in the U.S. was Josef Albers, and returned to study with him at North Carolina's Black Mountain College. "I consider Albers the most important teacher I've ever had," says Rauschenberg, "and I'm sure he considers me one of his poorest students." Albers says he wasn't quite.

Rauschenberg's student years sound like the mishaps of the sorcerer's apprentice. His photography became better known than his painting. He fiddled with exposing blueprint paper, and *LIFE* ran a "Speaking of Pictures" page of them in 1951. He married briefly. When that broke up, he wandered to North Africa, where he made fetishlike sculptures out of sticks, stones, boxes and



RAUSCHENBERG & HIS DOOR  
Never waste an image.

## RAUSCHENBERG'S JUXTAPOSITIONS



POP ARTIST Robert Rauschenberg likes to set symbols in contention. For 1964 *Tracer*, he silk-

screened and collaged images in ambiguous relationships, suggesting that life is essentially irrational.



JOE CASTELLI

"BED" was made during lean period in 1955 when Rauschenberg had nothing to paint on. Viewers may suspect vestiges of ax murder, but artist says "it is one of the friendliest pictures I've ever painted."

COLLECTION OF THE ARTIST



JOE CASTELLI

"MONOGRAM" was four years in making because artist felt that stuffed Angora goat never conveyed symbolic collision until he ran rubber tire around it.

rope, which he took to Italy. A Florence art dealer halfheartedly exhibited them, and a Florence art critic wholeheartedly panned them, suggesting that he throw the whole bunch into the river. Not uncharacteristically, Rauschenberg went to the banks of the Arno and did.

Returning to Manhattan loft life, Rauschenberg scoured the streets and junk shops for objects to add to his paintings. Stuffed roosters, pillows, Coke bottles, clocks and a telephone book popped out in his work. He even made his bed into a painting: having run out of canvas, he decided to paint on his quilt. "I just couldn't get the paint to overcome the geometric patterns of the quilt," explains the artist. "I decided I've got to admit it's a quilt." One admission led to another, so he added his pillow, and then some sheets. Hence *Bed* (see opposite page).

Another such adventure in the gap between art and life concerns a stuffed Angora goat with a tire around its tummy. Such agglomerations of oils and objects Rauschenberg calls "combines," for they bridge the gap without being either side.

**Frottage.** Recently, Rauschenberg has stopped incorporating objects into his work. He uses images of them from newspapers, color comics and magazine pictures. He squirts lighter fluid on the pictures, presses them on his drawing paper, and transfers the images by rubbing on them with an inkless ballpoint pen—a technique called *frottage*. For big oils such as *Tracer*, he uses the silk-screen stenciling process to print photographs that strike him. "I feel it's so wasteful not to use the images you find around you," he says. In 1960 he finished 34 delicate *frottage* drawings to illustrate Dante's *Inferno*, and by using multiple images achieved an effect that neither Botticelli nor Blake, Doré nor Dali, would have dreamed of: he put each entire canto on a single sheet of paper.

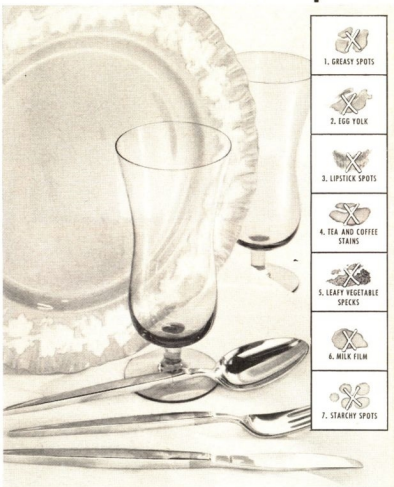
When he takes time off from painting, Rauschenberg is usually with the avant-garde Merce Cunningham ballet company. Ballet is an art form that he likes because "my scale has always been in sympathy with theatrical values." He designs costumes, props and sets for them, even choreographed his own ballet, called *Pelican*, in which he wears a parachute and roller skates.

Last week Rauschenberg was with the ballet in Stockholm, halfway through a six-month world tour. He revisited a collage combine door that he gave the Swedish Museum of Art in 1961, and was pleased to find it in good repair—down to the last bottle cap and bread crumb. When the tour is over, he should find a nearly bare studio in Manhattan, since he asked a friend to throw out all the silk screens he made before leaving. "Art shouldn't be a pillow you can fall asleep on," says Rauschenberg, who makes art out of pillows. From the looks of things, it is doubtful he will be caught napping.

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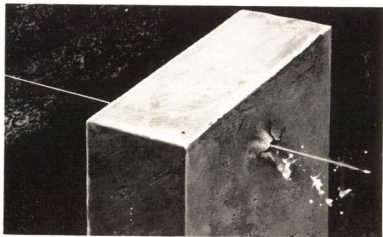




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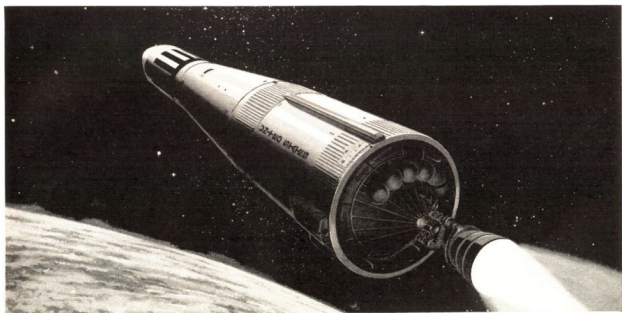


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## SPORT

### SAILING

#### Guarding Against Indolence

What do the sons of famous men do? Nothing, usually. But when Peter Scott, C.B.E., M.B.E., D.S.C., got around to writing his autobiography, it took him four years and 500,000 words. The publishers promptly boiled it down to 679 finely printed pages—but Scott was only 51 at the time. Last week he was 55, and in Newport, R.I., he was busily filling up notebooks for a brand new chapter entitled *The Colonies Revisited, or How I Sailed Away with the America's Cup*.

If anybody ever had a chance to do just that (and nobody has in 113 years), it is Peter Scott, who will be at the helm of Britain's *Sovereign* in the races this week. And why not? He has done everything else he put his mind to. His father, Polar Explorer Robert Falcon Scott, died in Antarctica when Peter was two—but not before leaving a letter to his wife: "Make the boy interested in natural history; it is better than games. Above all, he must guard, and you must guard him, against indolence. Make him a strenuous man."

**Destroyers & Dinghies.** Scott has not had an indolent moment since. He has been, at one time or another—and usually simultaneously—a successful author (eleven books), artist (exhibitions in London and New York), and TV commentator (covering the Royal Wedding). A British navy commander in World War II, he served on destroyers and gunboats, took part in the raid on Dieppe, designed the camouflage scheme that was adopted by the British Admiralty for all ships on duty in the Atlantic. Today, a world-renowned naturalist, conservationist and ornithologist, he is a councillor of the London Zoo and keeper of the world's greatest collection of exotic ducks, geese and

swans at his own Severn Wildfowl Trust.

With all that, Scott still finds time for games. A champion sailplane pilot, he set a British record in 1960 by soaring to an altitude of 18,300 ft. He won a bronze medal in sailing at the 1936 Olympics, and he is a three-time winner of Britain's Prince of Wales Cup for international-class 14-ft. dinghy racing. But when Owner Tony Boyden asked him to take the helm of his America's Cup challenger *Sovereign* this spring, Scott complained that he was "out of practice." He had not sailed in topflight competition since 1956. On the other hand, that just might be a blessing. "Sailing a 12-meter is jolly well different than sailing a dinghy," he said. "So I'd have to start from scratch, anyway."

**A Ruddy Bligh.** In last month's elimination trials off Newport, Scott surprised U.S. yachtsmen with his pluck and precision. Balding, ruddy-faced, he bossed *Sovereign's* eleven-man crew like a budding Captain Bligh, beat *Kurruwa V*, the favored British boat, six times in eight races. Experts found plenty to criticize in *Sovereign's* construction: her untapered, top-heavy mast, her primitive rigging, her poorly cut sails. But they had nothing but praise for Scott. "I've known Peter Scott for a long time," said Bob Bavier, who will pilot *Constellation*, the U.S. defender. "He's liable to be real tough."

Last week, sporting a newly tailored mainsail and a genoa borrowed from *Kurruwa*, *Sovereign* looked tough indeed. Bavier was worried enough to spend a day practicing starts against Old Master Bus Mosbacher, who skipped *Weatherly* to a cup victory in 1962; taking the wheel of *American Eagle* for the first time, Mosbacher beat Bavier to the line four times in a row. Perched on the deck of a nearby cabin cruiser, Scott watched the scrimmage with interest. Back on the dock somebody asked him: "Don't you ever take a day off?" Answered Scott: "I'll think about taking time off when I've got the America's Cup in the locker."

### HORSE RACING

#### And Still Champion

They said he was ready for the pastures. But Owner Allaire du Pont was not listening—not when they were talking about Kelso, her four-time Horse of the Year, winner of 33 races and \$1,641,127. He was seven years old now, had won only two cheap allowance races all year, had finished fifth, 14 lengths behind that new champion Gun Bow the last time he ran in a stake. Mrs. du Pont simply ignored it all and sent her "Kelly" out to run again.

With a lucky yellow ribbon tied to the headband of his bridle and 128 lbs. (including Jockey Milo Valenzuela) on his back, Kelso lined up with Gun Bow and three other rivals for the 1 1/8-mile Aqueduct Stakes, first of New York's late-season weight-for-age races. "He'll beat Gun Bow, you wait and see," insisted Mrs. du Pont. Few in the Labor Day crowd of 65,066 agreed with her. They sent Kelso off at 2-1, his longest odds in 19 months. The odds on Gun Bow: 1-2.

**"Go After Him."** Trainer Carl Hanford gave Valenzuela only one order: "If nobody else runs with Gun Bow on the pace, you go after him." But by the time the field had rounded the clubhouse turn, Gun Bow had opened up a four-length lead. In the backstretch, the gap was five lengths. But now, for the first time all year, Kelso was running as though he enjoyed it—with the flat, powerful stride that he inherited from his famous great-granddaddy, Man O' War. Valenzuela sensed it: "Suddenly, he was the old Kelso again. Suddenly, I knew we were home." So did the fans. "It started way back there on the backstretch," said Jockey John Rotz, who was riding a distant trailer. "That racket—I never heard anything like it."

Through the last turn the two horses

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500,000 words just to reach 51.



HELMSMAN SCOTT

pounded, and Gun Bow's lead began to shrink—to three lengths, then two, then one. "I knew he was coming," sighed Gun Bow's jockey, Walter Blum. "I could hear his hoofs, and I could hear the crowd. I thought—well, I thought my horse could let Kelso come up and then draw out." Desperately, Blum went to the whip. Relentlessly, Kelso kept coming. At the top of the stretch, he ranged alongside. "Got you!" Valenzuela yelled—and at the wire Kelso was three-quarters of a length ahead.

**Unfinished Business.** In the grandstand, mutual clerks watched incredulously while bettors tore up losing tickets on Gun Bow and hugged each other with delight. Allaire du Pont dashed around the winner's circle, kissing everybody in reach. And what was Kelso doing? Trotting calmly off to the barn to catch up on his sleep. After all, there was still some unfinished business to attend to—a small matter of \$38,737. With \$1,711,132 already in the bank (including his day's pay of \$70,005), that was all that stood between the sturdy old champion and the biggest victory of all: passing Round Table to become the No. 1 money winner in thoroughbred racing history.

## SCOREBOARD

### Who Won

► U.C.L.A.: An upset 17-12 victory over Eastern powerhouse Pittsburgh (ranked No. 4 in 1963) in the season's first big college football game, at Pittsburgh. Sparked by Quarterback Larry Zeno, who passed for two touchdowns, kicked a field goal and two extra points, the underdog (by 14 points) Bruins built up a 17-6 half-time lead, intercepted two passes and recovered three fumbles to stall Pitt's flashy offense.

► Roman Brother: the \$144,820 New Hampshire Sweepstakes, first sweeps ever run in the U.S., at Rockingham Park. Running dead last, ten lengths behind the leaders in the backstretch, Financier Louis Wolfson's tiny (889 lbs.) gelding, fourth in the 1964 Kentucky Derby, shot into the lead at the eighth pole, stood off Knightly Manner's late challenge to win by a half length (see MODERN LIVING).

► Britain's John Surtees, 30: The Italian Grand Prix at Monza, piloting his red Italian Ferrari around the banked, 278-mile course at a record average speed of 129.1 m.p.h. It was the second victory in a month for aging (66) Automaker Enzo Ferrari, gave him a shot at the Grand Prix manufacturers' championship that he once monopolized but has not won since 1961. It also gave ex-Motorcyclist Surtees 9 points toward the drivers' championship, moved him into third place behind Britain's Graham Hill and Scotland's defending champion Jimmy Clark, both of whom broke down at Monza. The point standings with three races to go (the U.S., Mexican, and South African Grand Prix): Hill 32, Clark 30, Surtees 28.

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# EDUCATION

## COLLEGES

### Newborn Schools

This week in Sarasota, Fla., a new college called New College starts its first classes, joining the 80 senior colleges founded since World War II that range in fame from Brandeis near Boston down to Yampa Valley College in Steamboat Springs, Colo. The aim of New College is to make Spanish moss

trout over it. With such impressive auspices, New College persuaded Historian Arnold Toynbee to be visiting professor this winter. He had doubts about the heat, but Baughman astutely pointed out the precedents for intellectual achievement in warm climates: the ancient Greeks and Aztecs.

For its permanent staff, Provost and Dean John Gustad, psychologist and former liberal arts dean at Alfred University, rounded up 21 men "capable enough and nutty enough to help make a curriculum that would last long enough for us to see what was wrong. They had to be willing to walk off the end of the dock with us," says Gustad jovially. Admissions Director Robert Norwine was enticed from Wesleyan University, and he proceeded to choose 97 talented nonconformists from 1,200 freshman applicants. Tuition is stiff (\$4,200 a year), but 80% of the students get scholarship aid.

Until January the students will be housed at Landmark, a luxurious Sarasota resort hotel, with a private balcony overlooking the water for every student. When Architect I. M. Pei completes the first phase of a \$15 million building program, students will transfer to dorms that are equally inviting. Designed to complement the main building, which is the mansion that once belonged to Circusman Charles Ringling, the low-lying residences are grouped around a central plaza and interior courts. Pairs of students will share carpeted study-bedrooms (with bath) opening onto secluded patios.

With New College at last a reality, President Baughman is floating along on a cushion of enthusiastic adjectives: "Marvelous, exciting, superb, inspiring." And besides, he says, "the acoustic qualities of carpeting bring a whole new dignity to the educational effort."

**Plus Quadruplets.** Across the nation, the college class of 1968 is a record 20% larger than last year's entering class, and the growth rate is expected to double total enrollment to 9,000,000 by 1980. Colleges everywhere are expanding; junior colleges are rising by the dozen, and at least four new senior colleges besides New College open their doors this fall with a display of innovations to ease the growing pains.

► **Saginaw Valley College** in upstate Michigan will start classes for about 100 students in the facilities of another school, Delta College.

► **Florida Atlantic University**, a state school built amidst the grass-grown runways of an old bomber base in Boca Raton, will take juniors, seniors and graduate students to absorb part of the overflow from Florida's spate of new junior colleges. The latest electronic teaching aids—including closed-circuit television in every room and study cubicle, as well as a computer-controlled library and information-processing op-

eration—are part of its Learning Resources Center.

► **St. John's College** in Annapolis, Md., chartered in 1784, has duplicated itself at a 260-acre campus of rolling wooded hills in Santa Fe, N. Mex. The prescribed curriculum at both campuses is 130 "basic books" of Western thought; each student body is restricted to 300; the faculty is interchangeable under a single president, Richard D. Weigle. Only the architecture is different: something called "modified territorial" in Santa Fe and Georgian colonial in Annapolis.

► **Pitzer College** in Southern California joins the five other independent schools allied in the Associated Colleges of Claremont. Privately endowed by Citrus Grower R. K. Pitzer, the college aims to educate women for the traditional professions, with an assist from modern electronic teaching aids. "Rather than let these girls be handicapped by watered-down versions of courses offered to men," says a Pitzer trustee, "we will let them know the cold—and the warm—facts of life."

## CURRICULUM

### Fountains of Reform

An unnerving degree of chance rules curriculum change in most of the 30,000 local school systems in the U.S. Lacking the financial and scholarly resources to rewrite courses, they have to take curriculums in packages from textbook publishers and teachers colleges. An energetic exception to this educational



STUDENT & NORWINE AT NEW COLLEGE  
Making Spanish moss the equal of ivy.

the prestige equivalent of New England ivy, and the school starts out with \$11 million in cash assets, raised in fund drives, and 115 acres of landscaped bayfront property.

Students will go through a three-year, eleven-month course of study, with two weeks off at Christmas and in August. The atmosphere will be permissive; students are called "colleagues," and rules are called "expectations." But with most courses in give and take seminars or tutorial sessions, the school hopes to avoid the academic laxness that a free rein might encourage. "It could be Sun-tan U., but it won't be," says Florida-born George Baughman, 49, who resigned three years ago as vice president for business affairs at New York University to head New College.

**A Nutty Enough Staff.** A blue-chip board of 25 trustees is composed of rich Floridians, influential laymen (President Henry Chauncy of the Educational Testing Service and Alfred Barr Jr., director of collections for the Museum of Modern Art, for example), and five Congregational ministers, who represent church he-p in founding the school but who shun any supposition that they should exercise religious con-



BAIRD



ENGLISH

Taking the curriculum out of the package.

drift is suburban Cleveland, where 27 private, public and parochial school systems are partners in the Educational Research Council, a nonprofit laboratory for learning founded five years ago with backing from civic-minded Cleveland business leaders.

Its mission is "to help schools change—often radically—what they are doing," and it has become a fountain of reform for the whole U.S.

**Crucial Transformation.** The council's most famous innovation is a comprehensive new math curriculum for kindergarten through sixth grade that is being taught this fall to 5,000,000 students in 50 states. Its newest change

is perhaps its most crucial: transforming social studies from a dull memorization of unrelated facts, which has long been the scandal of grade-school education, to a lively, integrated understanding of the economic, political and historical crosscurrents that comprise U.S. democracy.

The framework for the social-studies reform, as for the math program, was built by leading university scholars brought to Cleveland for lengthy planning. Then the council's own staff of 30 professionals, working closely with local teachers, devised and frequently revised the texts, teaching aids and teacher-training courses. Last week 18,000 third- and fourth-graders and 1,000 teachers began working with the new program, which eventually will reach all of the council's 250,000 students through the twelfth grade.

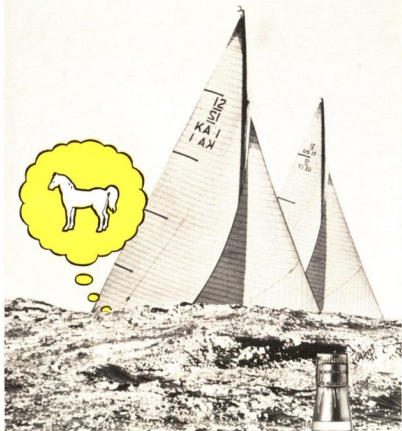
**Dangerous Illusions.** "I don't want to turn out a bunch of little cynics," says British-born Raymond English, 47, chief planner of the new social-studies course, "but contemporary children entering school have far greater knowledge of social problems than an educator of 30 years ago would have dreamed of. They are aware that their parents pay taxes for schools, police and garbage disposal. They hear about race riots and space flights. We must teach facts at the lower grades so that teachers in the upper grades won't have to spend time erasing an illusionary picture of the world."

Learning related facts, pupils are introduced to maps in kindergarten instead of waiting until the fourth grade to grasp what the whole earth looks like. They are told that Norseman Leif Ericson discovered the New World, not Columbus. For years, social-studies courses pounded away on the virtue of thrift, but the council program realistically recognizes that students know their own families rely heavily on credit, and teaches that both saving and spending have a place in the usual household economy.

In a synthesis of economics, geography, social anthropology and politics, third-graders study Cleveland as a shipping and commercial center, a melting pot of immigrants and native pioneers, and a city plagued by the problem of slum neighborhoods and urban renewal. Throughout, the aim is to encourage valid judgments and discourage rote recitations. "The youngster should be aware that he's in a society that has values, and that a careful choice of values is what determines a rational man," says English.

"The time is ripe not for tinkering, but for real reform," says the council's executive director, George H. Baird, 41. His goal is overhauling the curriculum from kindergarten through high school. When that task is done, the council expects to be able to send its high-school graduates to college knowing as much as the average present-day college sophomore or junior.

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## Secret thoughts of a cup contender

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*"The name of the Scotch is White Horse. People all over the world are drinking it up. Only one bottle in five ever reaches America. A sobering thought."*



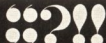


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## MILESTONES

**Born.** To Mark Hatfield, 42, Governor of Oregon and Republican keynote at San Francisco, and Antoinette Kuzmanich Hatfield, 34; their third child, second daughter; in Salem, Ore. Name: Theresa.

**Married.** Marshall Field III, 23, son of Chicago Newspaper Publisher Marshall Field Jr. (*Sun Times, Daily News*); and Joan Best Connelly, 20, Manhattan socialite; in Rumson, N.J., two months after Marshall Jr.'s third wedding.

**Married.** Anna Maria Alberghetti, 28, Italian-born actress (*Lili in Carnival*) and nightclub coloratura; and Claudio Guzman, 36, TV director (*The Patty Duke Show*); he for the second time; in Los Angeles.

**Married.** Princess Isabelle, 32, eldest daughter of French Pretender Comte de Paris; and Count Friedrich Carl Schönborn-Buchheim, 26, heir to 12,000 acres of Austrian forest; in a civil ceremony, followed the next day by a nuptial Mass in the royal chapel of Dreux, France.

**Divorced.** Billy Rose, 65, bantam Broadway entrepreneur and biggest single A.T. & T. stockholder (160,000 shares worth \$11 million); by Doris Warner Vidor, 48, heiress to Hollywood's Warner Bros. fortune; on grounds of mental cruelty; after six months of marriage (his fifth); in Reno.

**Died.** Jane Hadley Barkley, 52, widow of Alben, a comely St. Louis secretary who caught the Vesp's fancy on a visit to Washington in 1949 (he was then 71, she 38), suddenly found herself swept up in one of the most popular and public courtships in history as her "Punkin" shuttled between his Washington desk and her St. Louis home until he won her hand four months later; of a heart attack; in Washington.

**Died.** Francisco San Tiago Dantas, 52, one of the leftist powers behind Brazil's recently deposed President João Goulart, a wealthy corporation lawyer who started out as a conservative but later veered left to latch onto Goulart's rising star, as his Foreign Minister in 1962 authored Brazil's hands-off policy on Castro, as his Finance Minister in 1963 worked the other side of the street by promising economic reforms in return for a U.S. loan, in 1964 was about to be blacklisted by the anti-Communist purgers when they relented because he was so gravely ill; of cancer; in Rio de Janeiro.

**Died.** Sakari Tuomioja, 53, Finnish banker and U.N. diplomat who proved himself a savvy, soft-spoken troubleshooter in Laos in 1959, was picked by U.N. Secretary-General U Thant last

March to try mediating the Cyprus dispute; following a stroke on Aug. 16, just before he was ready to present his own peace proposal to the embattled Greek and Turkish Cypriots; in Helsinki.

**Died.** Lieut. General Robert Whitney Burns, 56, patron saint of all G.I.s, who in 1959, as commander of U.S. forces in Japan, recalled a homeward-bound airliner, personally removed a rank-pulling lieutenant colonel, his wife and four children, and placed back on board the six emergency-furloughed enlisted men "bumped" by the vacationing colonel; after a long illness; in San Antonio.

**Died.** Walter Brown, 59, longtime owner of the Boston Garden, Boston Bruins hockey team and Boston Celtics basketball team, who inherited control of the Garden upon the death of his father in 1937, made it pay for the first time by introducing the Ice Capades and the rodeo, put pro basketball across by buying the sputtering Celtics with his profits and helping guide them to seven championships in the last eight years; of a heart attack; in Hyannis, Mass.

**Died.** Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, 74, boss of the U.S. Communist Party since 1961; of a blood clot in the lung artery; in Moscow (see THE WORLD).

**Died.** Admiral Georges Thierry d'Argeuieu, 75, French military hero and Roman Catholic priest, who forsook the cloth to fight with De Gaulle in World War II, later became French High Commissioner to Indo-China, a post in which he so relentlessly pressed the fight against Communist guerrillas, scorning all talk of negotiation in Paris, that he was recalled in 1947, whereupon he quit public life in disgust and returned to his monk's habit; of a heart attack; in a monastery near Brest, France.

**Died.** William Geer, 88, inventor of new uses for rubber, a onetime B.F. Goodrich research vice president who retired to work on his own in 1925, at one time or another held 40 patents, among them the first successful aircraft deicer, thick strips of pulsating rubber that fitted over the leading edge of the wings and shook off storm-cloud ice as quickly as it formed, a device that after 30 years is still used on many prop-driven aircraft, but not on the big jets; after a long illness; in Ithaca, N.Y.

**Died.** Checkers, 12, Dick and Pat Nixon's black and white cocker spaniel, who at the age of three months got the most publicity of any dog since Fala when her master went on nationwide TV during the 1952 election campaign, explained that she was the only campaign gift (a fund of \$18,000 was in question) that he had kept for his personal use; in Manhattan.



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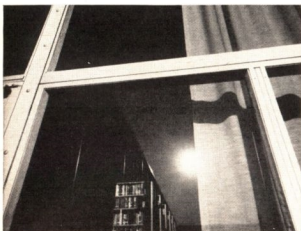
ing seasons, its stimulating promise. And GRAYLITE reduces glare. It reduces eyestrain. It makes a better environment for teaching and learning.

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# U.S. BUSINESS

## WALL STREET

### Picking Up Speed

When Detroit made auto peace, Wall Street stepped on the gas. Investors rushed in, lifted volume on the New York Stock Exchange to a five-week peak of 5,700,000 shares. After cracking alltime records for three straight days, the Dow-Jones industrials closed the week at 867. That was a rise of 38 points in less than three weeks.

While the auto settlement gave a big push to the market, it was not responsible for its basic momentum: the market had been moving up on bullish business news for five straight sessions before the Detroit settlement. The auto agreement opened the way to further increases by raising the prospect of mild inflation and by removing what seemed to many the last immediate obstacle to continued prosperity.

Chrysler and General Motors set historic highs during the week, and Ford came within an inch of its alltime peak. Many companies that sell to the auto-makers—in steel, copper, rubber, glass—also jumped smartly. Another fast riser was Du Pont (up 17 points, to 276), which still holds 23 million shares of G.M. stock.

## LABOR

### Penchant for Pensions

Whatever effect last week's auto settlement may have on the U.S. economy, it is bound to accelerate one of the most basic and significant trends in U.S. labor: the move toward higher pensions and earlier retirements. Over the years, an affluent society has given Americans

higher wages, a greater life expectancy and increased education to develop their capabilities more fully. Now, more and more of them also want the pot of gold at the end of that rainbow—the opportunity to give up their working days earlier, with sufficient income to support themselves and their families, in order to pursue their own interests at leisure.

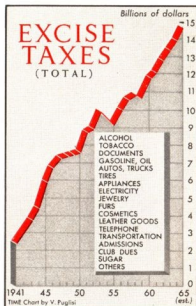
**Increased Pressure.** More than 25 million employees—or about half of all workers in private industry—are now covered by some 34,000 different industrial pension plans, and 2,300,000 retirees are already receiving pensions from industry at a cost of \$2.4 billion a year. Among union members, two-thirds have pension plans. Pensions have been a major issue in most contract negotiations this year, and the United Auto Workers' improved pensions give labor added incentive to increase this pressure.

Even before last week's settlement, a 30-year employee making \$400 a month in the auto industry could get \$210 a month in retirement pay, including his social security (the will now get \$254). That is a higher-than-average amount for industry, but it is not so high as that paid by a handful of major companies. The oil companies, in general, are the most generous, and a 30-year man at Standard Oil of Indiana gets \$343 a month. At Du Pont he gets \$298, at Cities Service \$297, at General Electric \$266 and at A.T. & T. \$224. The most generous major pensioner listed in a recent Government survey was Grumman Aircraft, whose 30-year, \$400-a-month retiree can get as much as \$415 a month. Among the tightest: the men's clothing industry, in which a man in the same bracket gets only \$176.

**More Jobs for Teens.** As pensions are raised toward more generous levels, labor is making a big push for earlier retirement to go with them. A quarter of this year's new contracts that have granted higher pension benefits also include provision for earlier retirement. The Chrysler-U.A.W. pact encourages workers to retire at 60 instead of 65, even makes retirement possible at 55. In other contracts signed this year, Sinclair Oil, Westinghouse and RCA reduced normal retirement age from 65 to 62. The trucking industry granted retirement at \$250 a month after 30 years of service, making it theoretically possible for some teamsters to retire at 47, and Atlantic and Gulf Coast shipping companies agreed to permit pensioned retirement after only 20 years of regular service.

Behind labor's drive for earlier retirement is the desire to create more job security for the younger, low-seniority workers, who are the first to be affected by automation and production cutbacks, and more jobs for the wave of

teen-agers now beginning to inundate the labor market. Many experts believe that this drive, coupled with the worker's desire for more leisure in his life, will eventually produce an almost universal retirement age of 60—and perhaps even lower. And in the steadily growing and increasingly automated U.S. society, rising retirement benefits seem inevitable if the growing number of retired oldsters is to have the buying power that is considered so vital to the economy's health.



## TAXES

### The End of a Nuisance?

A hundred and seventy years ago this month, George Washington dispatched a force of 16,000 troops to put down the Whiskey Rebellion, an uprising of western Pennsylvania corn farmers against the federal excise tax on distillers. The rebellion was subdued, but the clamor against excise taxes—a form of national sales tax levied on certain goods and transactions—still goes on. Both businessmen and consumers have long considered the excise tax a bothersome burden. In this election year, the issue is one of the few on which both presidential candidates seem to agree: the Democratic platform pledges to eliminate many excise taxes, and Barry Goldwater—reiterating a long-held Republican position—last week promised to "cut nuisance taxes imposed on so many of the things you buy."

**Expense & Dampener.** Excise taxes have traditionally come and gone as temporary sources of wartime revenue, but during World War II they came and stayed—and were added to during the



CALIFORNIA RETIREMENT COMMUNITY  
Spending their pot of gold.



Korean war. Altogether they are now applied to a hodgepodge of thousands of different goods and services. In fiscal 1965, these taxes are expected to bring the U.S. Treasury \$14.5 billion, an important but not decisive part of the Government's estimated income of \$98 billion.

Everyone who eats, drinks, smokes, dresses, drives to town or goes out on the town pays the taxes, which generally vary from 5% to 10%. Among the taxed items: household appliances, cameras, sporting goods, autos and auto parts, stock transfers, motor fuel and lubricants, telephone bills, office machines, electric light bulbs, mechanical pencils and ballpoint pens, cabaret tabs, theater and sports admissions. As a means of regulation, as much as a source of revenue, heavy taxes are also slapped on gambling, pinball machines, tobacco and alcohol: \$10.50 per gallon of liquor, \$9 per barrel of beer, 8¢ per pack of cigarettes.

Businessmen consider the taxes a bother at best, a downright economic dampener at worst—particularly since they are often imposed on top of city or state sales taxes. Though sales in most industries covered by the tax have steadily risen, many businessmen are convinced that expansion would have been much greater without the federal levy. Some industries claim to have been badly hit by the excise. It gets chief blame for the fact that more than 100 leather and luggage manufacturers have gone out of business since 1947 and that the fur industry has suffered a drop in union workers from 13,000 to 7,000 since 1946. Businessmen also complain that collecting the taxes requires extra time and money for which they are not reimbursed: the expense can run from \$1 a day for small retailers to the \$5,000,000 that American Telephone & Telegraph pays out in collection costs for every \$500 million it collects of the 10% tax imposed on telephone calls.

**Irritating Inconsistencies.** Perhaps the most irritating and confusing aspect of the excise taxes—to seller and buyer alike—is the grand inconsistencies that pepper them. Radio tubes are taxed but not transistors, furs but not knock-em-dead \$3,000 evening dresses, aviation gasoline but not jet fuel. Many items that were initially taxed as luxuries have become the necessities of a newer generation—refrigerators, luggage and telephones, for example.

Some of the excises are sacrosanct, such as those on gas and autos, which are earmarked to pay the costs of federal highway construction. But the move to cut others has developed powerful support. The most talked-about possibility is a reduction of \$1 billion to \$3 billion that would remove many taxes that have become obsolete. It would probably include, among others, the tariffs on such modern necessities as luggage, telephone calls, toiletries and ballpoint pens.

## PUBLISHING

### A Meeting of Minds

In the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, that 35 million-word compendium of classified knowledge, the G. & C. Merriam Co. rates only two brief mentions. Last week Merriam leaped right off the pages and into Britannica's corporate arms. Chairman William Benton's \$13,960,000 purchase of the publisher of the Merriam-Webster dictionaries not only unites two of the world's best-known reference works, but two of its oldest. Prosperous Britannica, Scotland-born but American-owned since 1901, is 196; debt-free Merriam, which bought Noah Webster's work from his heirs in 1843, is a spry 133. Merriam's sales last year: \$5,980,422; its profits: \$859,000.

Having amassed a fortune in advertising (Benton & Bowles) before he



BRITANNICA'S BENTON  
Taking Webster into the world.

was 35, Bill Benton took over Britannica as a personal venture in 1943, when he was vice president of the University of Chicago. He persuaded Britannica's owner, Sears Roebuck, to give the encyclopaedia to the university, but the trustees balked until Benton put up \$100,000 working capital, which led to stock control. The university lent its name and editorial advice in exchange for a royalty—now 3%—on U.S. sales.

Using what he had learned on Madison Avenue, Benton poured money into promotion and advertising, built up a meticulously trained force of 5,000 full-time door-to-door salesmen (many earn \$25,000 a year, their division managers \$200,000). He spread out into the Great Books, junior reference works, an atlas, texts and books-of-the-year. All this hustle has built Britannica's sales from \$3,000,000 when Benton took charge to \$125 million last year. The royalty from Britannica has enriched the University of Chicago by \$25 million.

Benton, a former U.S. Senator from Connecticut, former Assistant Secretary of State and now U.S. Ambassador to UNESCO, at 64 keeps in touch with his publishing realm by flying 75,000 miles a year to chat with underlings, dictating up to 8,000 words a day into a machine to pepper aids with ideas. He has his eye on markets abroad, where he considers the growing interest in American culture, particularly in books, "a historic event of our times." Says he: "We're going to take Webster into the world." While he does, Merriam will operate as a Britannica subsidiary, keep its Springfield, Mass., staff and offices. And Merriam's U.S. sales should net the University of Chicago an extra \$150,000 a year.

## MANAGEMENT

### Slow-Motion Dream

During a 50-year career, Inventor-Industrialist Sherman Fairchild, 68, has tinkered successfully with everything from aerial cameras to semiconductors. But Fairchild's great dream is to assemble an Eastern aerospace company that would rival the West Coast's Lockheed, Boeing or North American. Toward that end Fairchild and his Fairchild Stratos Corp. have been buying into Long Island's Republic Aviation Corp., have acquired a controlling 21% of Republic's stock. Last week Fairchild's interest caused an upheaval at Republic. Faced by Fairchild's plans for changes at Republic, Mundy I. Peale, 58, Republic's president for 17 years, resigned.

While Peale flew to a Wyoming convention of the Conquistadores del Cielo, an organization of chiefs (and ex-chiefs) of aircraft companies, a quadrumvirate of directors, led by Fairchild Stratos President Edward Uhl, took over to run Republic without him. It will take some running.

Once a leading and lucrative aircraft company, Republic turned out the P-47 Thunderbolt in World War II, the F-84 Thunderjet for Korea and lately the F-105 interceptor-bomber. But the F-105 contract ends this year, and Republic has been ground-speed slow in diversifying into other defense and space areas. Its earnings last year were \$3,600,000 on sales of \$362 million; this year sales will be below \$300 million—and losses are certain. "The first job," says Uhl, 46, "will be to cut Republic down to size." He intends to reduce personnel and plant to that needed for a \$100 million operation, concentrate more on engineering and research and development instead of on manufacturing operations.

While Uhl is trying to rescue Republic, he will also have to find ways to beef up his own Fairchild Stratos. Fairchild's most recent airplane, the F-27 short-haul commercial liner, was technically impressive but a financial red-ink. Fairchild sales have declined steadily for six years, although the com-



**Mister, your expenses are just beginning.  
That's why we keep insurance costs low.**

Diapers to diplomas, with tricycles and bicycles in between. That adds up to a stack of bills 21 years high — 21 years in which this little one will look to you for support. Here's where we help out with life insurance at a price young fathers can afford. At age 27, a monthly premium of \$15.06 buys you \$56,400 of insurance, the amount it takes to guarantee your family \$300 a month for those next 21 important years.

This is pure protection, and the amount of insurance gradually reduces as the years go by. That same low premium also buys you three important rights: (1) to go back and restore the original benefit in five years if it happens that your

insurance needs don't decrease; (2) to level off your coverage at a fixed amount; (3) to change to a policy with the savings and retirement features you'll want eventually — when you can afford them. No medical examination is needed for any of these changes. Call an Occidental office and ask about our Income Protection policy. Or write us at Occidental Center, Los Angeles, California 90054.

**OCCIDENTAL LIFE  
OF CALIFORNIA**

pany managed to earn \$1,000,000 last year on a \$62 million assortment of space and defense subcontracts. With no new major space contracts on the horizon to bid for, Sherman Fairchild's dream will have to remain just that for the time being.

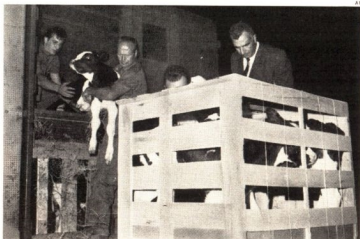
## AGRICULTURE

### Supermarket to the World

Bucking and bawling, 150 spindly-legged calves were put aboard a Milan-bound TWA jet cargo plane at New York's Kennedy International Airport last week, the first of 100,000 U.S. calves bound for European tables this year. Most U.S. farm exports do not rate jet accommodations, but they are increasingly getting a first-class reception around the world. In fiscal 1964 the U.S. reported a record \$6.1 billion worth of agricultural products, \$1 billion

processors go looking for customers at a joint Government-industry exhibit in Vienna, and the Agriculture Department opens a food fair in Frankfurt. Result of all the activity: 15% of the American farmer's harvest now goes to market abroad, compared with 8% of the nation's industrial output; last year U.S. meat exports alone rose 36%. Japan ranks as the biggest customer, followed by Canada and Britain. As West Germany's biggest agricultural supplier, the U.S. ships not only such staples as cotton, tobacco, wheat, canned fruit and poultry—but even 30% of the hops for Germany's beer.

**Versatile Soybean.** Yankee salesmanship is changing many eating and cooking habits around the world. U.S. promoters have introduced the doughnut to Africa and Asia, spread the benefits of milk to the Middle East and Latin America, made wheat a popular sub-



CALVES LOADING FOR FLIGHT TO ITALY  
Bigger appetites, bumper sales.

more than in the previous year. Only \$1.6 billion of the total was tied in with U.S. aid programs—and the recent rise in the exports of foods and fibers has been almost completely among those sold for hard cash.

**Hops for Germany.** Though recent poor crops in Europe and Russia created some unusual demand, the bumper sales stem mostly from more basic and lasting sources: the world's expanding population, improved diets and rising incomes in Western Europe and Japan, a labor-saving trend toward convenience foods. Exports are also getting an enormous boost from the U.S. Government and from aggressively competitive food processors. Industry trade associations are spending \$7,500,000 annually on their many foreign promotions, and the Government spends \$14 million a year to support the operations of Agriculture Department marketing outposts in 67 countries and agricultural attachés in more than 50 U.S. embassies.

U.S. food products are also entered in about 20 international exhibitions each year. This week some 50 U.S.

stutite for rice in the Japanese diet. They have increased grain sales to Italy by showing Italians how to mix American wheat into their pastas, amazed European housewives (many of whom now work and have less time to cook) with packaged mixes that produce effortless cakes, pies, mashed potatoes, cheese dips and even pizzas. One of the fastest-growing exports is the versatile soybean, which is being touted at expositions abroad in the form of cooking oil, soy sauce, soy noodles, soy flakes, soy powder and soy pancakes.

At the Vienna fair this week, the Viennese are sampling Southern fried chicken and smoked trout, served up free by Austrian models dressed as cowgirls. Last month the Agriculture Department flew an American Indian chief in full regalia to a German fair to get Germans to try corn, wild rice, pumpkins and frozen turkey. However foreigners may shake, bake or slice the U.S. products, American farmers, who regularly harvest more than the U.S. can consume or give away, are more than happy to sell them the makings.

## COMMUNICATIONS

### Turned Up High

For those lucky U.S. entrepreneurs who are tuned into the radio business, the show has rarely been livelier or the volume higher. The U.S. has more radios than people—214 million—and the number is expanding by well over 10% a year. These figures make sweet music not only for the nation's radio manufacturers, but also for its 3,000 station owners, whose investments are increasing in value faster than the blue chips. Last week, in one of the largest deals in the industry's 44-year history, Manhattan's Capital Cities Broadcasting Corp. paid \$15 million to Detroit's Goodwill Stations for WJR Radio in Detroit (current value: \$8,000,000) and WSZ Radio-TV in Charleston-Huntington, W. Va. (value: \$7,000,000).

**In Every Room.** Radio's renaissance, after a slump during the 1950s, is due largely to the boom in small transistor models, which accounted for two-thirds of 1963's sales of 24 million sets. Housewives plant radios in almost every room, listen to them an average of three hours a day; teen-agers tote the transistors in their pockets. The rise of suburban and long-distance auto-commuting—as well as the increase in the number of cars—has lifted the total of car radios from 9,000,000 in 1946 to 50 million today. The number of radio stations has grown even more remarkably—from 960 in 1945 to today's 5,243. But that is the practical limit: the Federal Communications Commission has given out almost all the available frequencies in prime markets.

One result is that any businessman who owns a station can play it for high profits. St. Louis Broadcaster Bruce Barrington bought WEW for \$50,000 in 1955, sold it to Franklin Broadcasting for \$450,000 in 1961; Capital Cities Broadcasting recently paid \$5,000,000 for New Jersey's WPAT, which had changed hands for \$300,000 in 1954, and Westinghouse Broadcasting put up \$10 million for New York City's WTNS, which had brought only \$425,000 in 1952. Says a top staffer: "Radio stations are the ideal small business. They can be picked up for very little cash down. They cost little to stay on the air, have few failures and are easy to unload."

**No Taxes.** Tempted by soaring prices, about one quarter of the owners sell out every year. Buyers put down only 10% to 25%—most of it borrowed from bankers, who give high ratings to radio investments. The FCC reckons that two-thirds of the owners pay practically no taxes, thanks to depreciation rules that permit writeoffs over an average of eight years. The men who make the rules are quick to take advantage of them. Edmund C. Bunker, president of the Radio Advertising Bureau, estimates that one-third of the members of Congress have interests in broadcasting.



*The House of Good Taste exhibit at the World's Fair is thrilling thousands daily. Be sure to visit it.*

## Today's new homes are an open invitation to the good life



*The Modern—Edward Durrell Stone, A.I.A.*



*The Contemporary—Jack Pickens Coble, A.I.A.*



*The Traditional—Royal Barry Wills Associates*

Three superb homes comprise the World's Fair House of Good Taste exhibit. They represent the highest standards of design, convenience and good taste, providing a magnificent showcase of gracious, comfortable living at its best.

You owe it to yourself and your family to spend your best years in the finest home you can afford to own. And this is an ideal time to start shopping for the right house—during National Home Week, September 20 to 27.

From the House of Good Taste exhibit at the World's Fair to the model homes in your own community, you'll find more elegance, more convenience and more solid investment value than ever. One reason is the widespread use of modern low maintenance wood products in today's home designs.

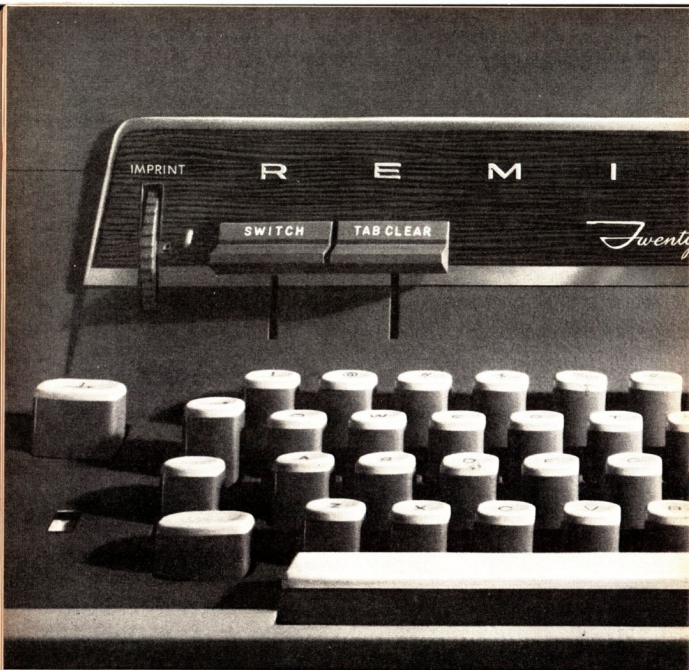
A number of Weyerhaeuser wood products, for example, were selected by invitation for the House of Good Taste homes. In all three, extra-dry Weyerhaeuser Engineered 4-Square framing lumber adds extra strength and hidden value. And in the Modern house, pre-finished Weyerhaeuser hardwood paneling adds a note of elegance. You'll find this same concern for beauty and value reflected in the model homes your local builders have on display.

These and other quality wood products come from Weyerhaeuser tree farms. Here, Weyerhaeuser grows trees in a continuing cycle of crops to assure a perpetual supply of good timber for generations to come. For more information on Weyerhaeuser wood products and modern forestry practices write Box A3, Tacoma, Washington 98401.



**Weyerhaeuser Company**





**"Like switching from regular transmission**

**announcing  
the Remington®  
25 Electric**

the one with UltraTouch





## to automatic drive.”

We didn't say it.

It took someone who knew better. Even better than we do. Even better than you.

A secretary.

The kind who uses a typewriter hard. And often.

Well, we found some. Hundreds, in fact. And we asked them to try out our new machine.

Reluctantly, they did.

They were already wed, they said, to what they *thought* was America's number one electric.

Enemies, we said. Enemy typists. Then, despite themselves, the ladies fell.

It happened the moment they touched the keys of the new Remington 25 Electric. The one with UltraTouch.

And like charming women everywhere, they started talking. (Like the secretary in Milwaukee whose verbatim comment created the headline for this ad.)

One gal in Massachusetts was nearly malicious: "Faster than the one that's supposed to be so good." (We didn't mind.)

Others were more reserved.

"The finished product is one any secretary would be proud to send forward. Looks like printer's type." This from a research typist in New Jersey.

Almost every feature on the new 25 drew an "ah." Even the comfortably quiet noise level. But the one mentioned most?

UltraTouch.

A new system of touch engineered by Remington and available in no other electric typewriter.

UltraTouch. Responsive. Relaxing. And fast.

The girls said it for us. "Better than any other electric I have used."

With enemies like these, perhaps we don't need friends. But we'd still be delighted if you'd check out our new machine.

It speaks for itself.

# WORLD BUSINESS

PRIME MINISTER IKEDA ADDRESSING IMF CONFERENCE IN TOKYO  
Along with geishas and warm sake, a struggle for leadership.

ASAHI EVENING NEWS

## MONEY

### The Financial Olympics

Tokyo's imaginative headline writers called it *Okane no Saiten*—the Festival of Money. Some Japanese authorities considered it more important than the Olympics in adding luster to Japan's image, and Prime Minister Ikeda came to speak to the opening session. When the International Monetary Fund met last week in Tokyo, the gathering in the elegant Hotel Okura was the greatest in the city's history, a financial Olympiad for 2,000 mental gymnasts from 102 nations.

Eager to impress, the Japanese played the bankers with No plays, Koto recitals, Bunraku puppet shows, trips to the countryside, geisha parties and tea with Emperor Hirohito. They even introduced a new cigarette called IMF. Between the crowded plenums and the warm sake sessions, the international moneymen performed some important business—and witnessed a struggle for control of the world's monetary leadership.

After several days of debate, the delegates voted unanimously to ante up an increase in the IMF's \$15.6 billion fund, which is used to bail out countries in financial distress. Most countries will probably get a 25% rise in their assessments, but certain ones that have been doing particularly well of late—such as Japan and West Germany—are expected to be asked to contribute even more. While the IMF met, delegates to the World Bank, the IMF's sister institution, also gathered in Tokyo; over strong objections from the Latin Americans, Filipinos and Iraqis, they approved a plan by which the bank will try to arbitrate expropriations of foreign-owned properties. Despite such accomplishments, the most dramatic development in Tokyo was a dispute—a barefaced attempt by France to grab the lead in world monetary markets from the U.S. and Britain.

"Little De Gaulle." At issue were long-simmering proposals to reform and modernize the IMF, which France (and some other countries) believes to be

dominated by the U.S., although its chairman is Frenchman Pierre-Paul Schweitzer. The IMF has been uniquely successful in spurring orderly growth in world commerce, but it has not been basically changed since its founding at Bretton Woods, N.H., 20 years ago. By posing as the helpful repairman anxious to correct this oversight, Charles de Gaulle hopes to gain more power for France in world monetary circles. Many U.S. financial leaders believe that France wants to transfer some of the IMF's money and credit powers to the Bank for International Settlements, a clubby little band of French and other Continental moneymen.

As a first step at Tokyo, France's aristocratic, intellectual Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing plumped for a basic change in the system of monetary reserves that helps to bankroll world trade. He proposed that the leading industrial countries create a vague new international currency, based on gold, that would gradually replace the current reserve mix of dollars, sterling and gold. The hooker in this return to a universal gold standard is that it would greatly enhance the power of France, which has plenty of gold reserves, but weaken the U.S. and Britain, which are currently embarrassed by a shortage of enough gold to fill all their needs. Tokyo's financial press sniffed at the proposals of "Little De Gaulle."

**Delaying Action.** In formal rebuttal, Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer Reginald Maudling, normally a champion of reform, labeled Giscard d'Estaing's plan "a danger" and cautioned the delegates to go slow in tampering with the IMF. U.S. Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon got in his licks, too, playing up the bankers' conservative instincts to make his point. Dillon conceded that international cash and credit should eventually be enlarged to keep up with the rapid expansion of world trade, which has outstripped the rise in the world's money supply, but he argued that the IMF's newly voted increases would be sufficient to cover any reserve problems for the next two

to four years. Rejecting France's opportunistic urgency, he advised the delegates to approach reform "in an atmosphere of calm."

Though France had lined up some weighty allies, notably the Germans and the Dutch, Dillon and Maudling appeared to win the majority of the delegates—at least for now. Many echoed the sentiment of Japan's mightiest financier, Fuji Bank President Iwasa: "The gold standard is outdated." But the cold, hard fact of monetary policy is that the long-term trend is toward less dependence on the dollar and sterling. As he tries to do with everything else, General de Gaulle is certain to press his attempt to use this economic shift to gain political dividends.

## ITALY

### Year of the Boom

The Italians have a word for what has been happening to their economy lately: *boom*. An *s* placed before certain Italian words turns them into their opposites, and "unboom" just fits the bill. When Italy's postwar economic miracle suddenly began to fade last year, the *boom* set in. Last winter and into the spring, the lira wobbled and fled the country in uncounted millions. The stock market dived, and inflation rampaged. Italy's economy, further unsteady by continuing political crisis, looked sick indeed.

Now the Italians are congratulating themselves on a second miracle: the *boom* has not turned into a bust. The biggest reason is the strong fiscal medicine administered by the Bank of Italy and its governor, Guido Carli, who is talked of as a future Premier of Italy. Those policies sharply curbed foreign borrowing by Italian banks and thus helped create a deflationary credit squeeze. They also helped produce a drop in industrial production, a threat of unemployment, falling profits and scattered business bankruptcies—but they seem to have saved the economy from collapse.

Italy's wholesale prices have steadied, and Milan's stock exchange index has



1 Tom showed me an essay he wrote for school—"What the Presidential Election Means to Me." Fascinating, I'll bet.



2 He says that during the campaign period there is an "increased amount of bickering" between me and your brother. You must admit you always bring up politics whenever Myron drops in for a social evening.



3 He also points out that there's "a good deal of quibbling" between you and my mother. Eavesdropper.



4 He concludes by saying that we should all exercise our right to vote because it guarantees a continuation of our form of government as well as a secure future for all of us. Sometimes I worry about our future.



5 Well, we do our part. We vote. We pressure our friends. We complain about taxes. I mean our personal future.



6 No need to worry about that. I've taken care of our future with Living Insurance from Equitable. It guarantees you a neat little bundle if something should happen to me. And if nothing does, we can use the cash that it built up to guarantee us a tidy lifetime income when I retire. I just wish you wouldn't keep calling Myron "politically immature."



Look ahead with Living Insurance

The **EQUITABLE** Life Assurance Society of the United States

Home Office: 1285 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019 © 1964  
See the Equitable Pavilion when you visit the New York World's Fair.



just crept above 6,000 for the first time since last spring. Last week, Treasury Minister Emilio Colombo reported that Italy's balance of payments has switched from a monstrous \$1.2 billion deficit last year to a surplus of \$535 million for the past five months. At the same time, Parliament acted to curb the national passion to buy on credit by passing a law requiring 25% down and two-year terms on installment purchases. Best of all, the lira has been revived.

Last winter, amid official predictions of a mounting trade deficit and some foreign talk of devaluation, speculation against the lira gripped European currency markets. The panic subsided when the U.S., the International Monetary Fund and European central banks granted \$1.2 billion in credits to shore up the Italian economy. In the last year, the lira has gained slightly against the pound, lost only 4/10 of 1% to the dollar. But Italy's economy still faces a

powerful ally indeed for Rank and Davis. This week Rank reports record fiscal 1964 earnings of \$13 million on sales of \$250 million, up 50% over 1963 and 13 times those of pre-diversification days.

**Crime & Comedy.** Formed in 1936 by devout Methodist J. Arthur Rank to make and exhibit wholesome family films, Rank faced a postwar crisis that sprang from a double source. For one, the British government in 1948 revoked prohibitive duties on foreign movies, and a stream of U.S. crime and comedy films quickly cascaded in. More important, as in the U.S., audiences in Britain deserted to TV. From a 1946 peak of 1.6 billion, British moviegoers dwindled to 400 million in 1963. To meet the change, Davis sold 100 theaters, wisely followed his customers into new leisure.

As a result, 58% of Rank's current profit comes from nonfilm activities. Capitalizing on Britain's rising incomes, Rank's 19 divisions run 18 "Top Rank"

## SOVIET UNION

### Welcome, Capitalists

Developing the Soviet Union as fast as Nikita Khrushchev would like to is too big a job for Communist resources and technology. Capitalists in search of new business have not failed to take notice of this fact. Putting ideology aside, more and more free-world businessmen are making multimillion-dollar deals to build locomotives, dry docks, mills and factories in the Soviet Union. In what is believed to be the biggest industrial deal yet between Communists and capitalists, a British consortium last week signed a contract to erect an \$84 million polyester-fiber plant in Siberia. By allowing the Russians 15 years for repayment, the British also agreed to the best credit terms ever extended to a Communist nation.

**Master Bargainers.** The U.S. charges that such contractors enable Russia "to devote other resources to military and unpeaceful purposes," discourages American firms from making deals with the Soviets. Other nations do not seem to listen. Working under contract—not by investment, which is still taboo in Communist lands—a number of British companies have agreed to build fertilizer, petrochemical and textile plants. French companies have set up a cement factory, two chemical plants and three sugar refineries. Sweden recently finished two dry docks and several meat-packing houses, is now building a pulp-processing plant in eastern Siberia. The Netherlands has constructed three fertilizer plants, and Japan fortnight ago approved a contract for one worth \$10 million. Even industries in West Germany, which has a strict ban on all but cash deals with Russia, have managed to get a few Russian contracts.

The Russians show great skill at bargaining: it took four months of steady discussion to close the British deal. They also give Western businessmen some exasperating moments, especially by reopening the bargaining just when all differences seem to have been settled. And they are canny; they knew exactly when to get the best deal from Sweden on a pulp mill—during a business slump. Franco Marinotti, president of Milan's SNIA Viscosa and an old hand at bargaining with Russians, has his own rule of thumb: speak fluent Russian, offer long-term credit and toss down vodka like a Russian. He does all three.

**Prompt Payment.** Capitalists have no quarrel with the way Russians pay their bills: on time and in hard currency. The reason, of course, is that the Russians want to encourage even more capitalists to do business with them. Last week a Soviet trade delegation arrived in Stockholm to see if anyone wanted to build another pulp mill. And Soviet officials stirred new interest among British businessmen by announcing that they had the go-ahead to negotiate for eleven more chemical and fertilizer plants worth about \$280 million.



BOWLING ALLEY AT BIRMINGHAM



CHAIRMAN DAVIS

### Change rescued a starlet.

tough and crisis-ridden fall. Whether it survives in good shape depends largely on whether it can check its upward wage spiral and thus avoid pricing itself out of world markets.

## BRITAIN

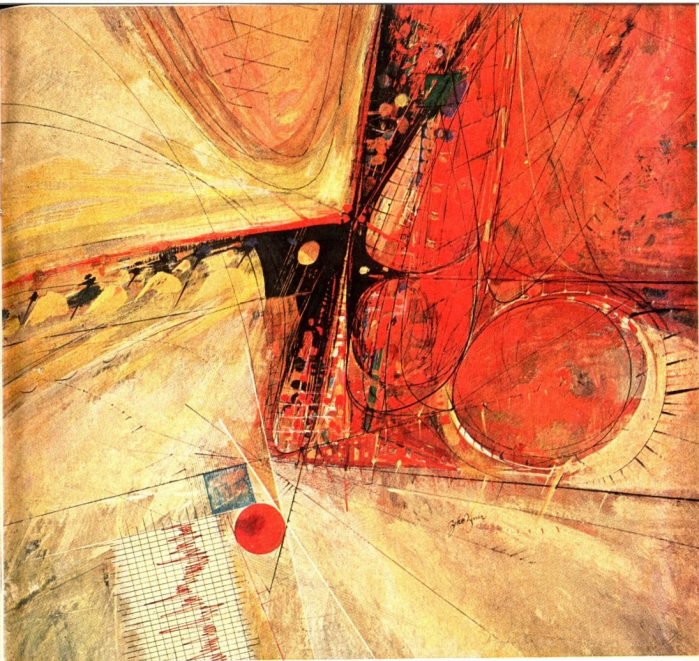
### Rank Progress

Britain's moviemaking Rank Organization—and the entire British movie industry—was in deep trouble in 1948 when Managing Director John Davis received a letter from a bank to which Rank owed a cool \$45 million. Written by the bank's chairman, the letter was accompanied by a copy of Rank's annual report—with a circle scrawled around the picture of a statuesque Rank starlet. Said the notation: "If worst comes to worst, we'll settle for this one." Heh, heh.

Though amused, Davis had other ideas for solving the crisis. "Some may treat change as an enemy," he says, "but I prefer to believe it to be an ally." Steadily moving Rank beyond motion pictures, he diversified it into everything from testing machines to tenpin bowling, chopped down the bank debt within four years. Such change has proved a

bowling alleys, 38 bingo clubs, 29 ballrooms, 15 coin-op laundries, 25 dance studios. The firm has also opened three motor inns and ten highway service centers, runs 184 TV and appliance retail stores and six factories that make radio and TV sets, appliances and electronic equipment.

**Explosive Performance.** For Davis, 57, a jowly gentleman who moved up to chairman when Founder Rank retired two years ago, Rank's most spectacular sideline has been its entry into Xerox duplicating equipment. Searching for profitable ventures after the diversification decision, Davis in 1956 agreed to bankroll the U.S.'s struggling Xerox Corp. (then called Haloid Co.) in return for rights to make and market its duplicating machines outside the Western Hemisphere. Xerox, of course, has been a huge success. Result: Rank Xerox last year accounted for a third of the Organization's profits. The company this year expects to distribute 15,000 machines, last week opened a subsidiary in South Africa, its 13th worldwide operation. Even Davis, who usually retains the calm and conservatism of his early days as an accountant, calls the performance "explosive."



## How to keep a Corporation Young

Everyone wants to be mature, but no one wants to grow old.

The task of being a mature corporate citizen in a rapidly expanding technically-oriented economy entails several areas of responsibility.

It implies, on the one hand, the ability to impose on oneself a variety of demanding disciplines—scientific, administrative, financial. And, on the other hand, to generate and encourage an unquenched spirit of inquiry, of

challenge, of willingness to try new ways of doing things.

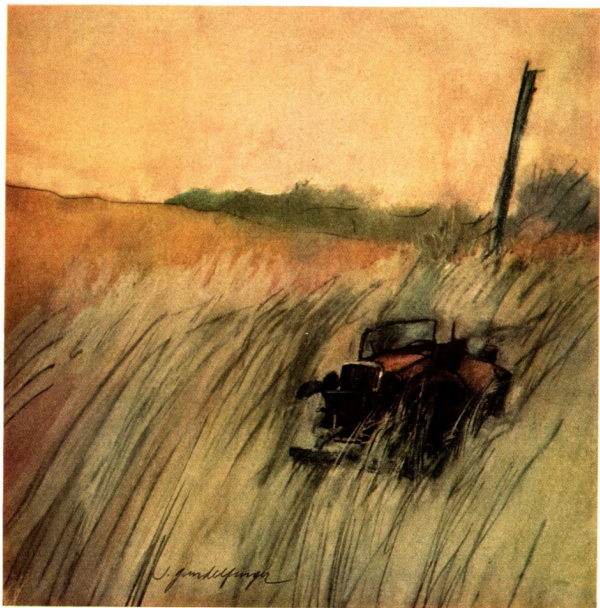
At Celanese, we try to nourish the forces of innovation within a framework of corporate and scientific discipline. This policy is deliberately designed to encourage diverse points of view within the Corporation and to provide an environment in which continuous rejuvenation can occur, better to serve our customers, our employees, our shareholders and the economy as a whole.

Celanese®

**Celanese**

CHEMICALS, FIBERS, PLASTICS, FOREST PRODUCTS

**REST AND RUST:** More engines rust out than wear out...So with our talents and skills. Lubricated by use, they serve us long and productively. Allowed to rust through neglect, they leave us powerless to make the grade that leads us upward. ■ *Maintaining peak efficiency of our facilities—natural gas pipelines, compressor stations, oil exploration and production equipment, refineries, marketing outlets, chemical plants—is a daily and necessary part of operation in the growing world of Tennessee Gas. But it is the skill and enthusiasm of our 8200 employees which keep it going...and growing.*



**TENNESSEE GAS TRANSMISSION COMPANY**  
FROM NATURAL GAS AND OIL... HEAT, POWER, PETROCHEMICALS THAT MEAN EVER WIDER SERVICE TO MAN

HEADQUARTERS: HOUSTON, TEXAS • DIVISION: TENNESSEE GAS PIPELINE COMPANY • SUBSIDIARIES: MIDWESTERN GAS TRANSMISSION COMPANY • EAST TENNESSEE NATURAL GAS COMPANY • TENNECO CORPORATION • TENNECO OIL COMPANY • TENNECO CHEMICAL COMPANY • HEYDEN NEWPORT CHEMICAL CORPORATION • TENNESSEE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY • AFFILIATE: PETRO-TEX CHEMICAL CORPORATION

## CINEMA

## Nympholucrosmaragdomania

**Topkapi.** Closing time. The gates swing to, the guards take a cigarette break. In the gilded halls of Istanbul's Topkapi Palace Museum no sound is heard. But in the flowery promenade—no doubt about it, the metal lid on that mulch pit moved!

It moves again, and this time an eye peers out from under it. "Let's go!" a voice cries hoarsely, and in rapid succession three men (Maximilian Schell, Peter Ustinov, Gilles Segal) leap out of the pit, run crouching to a door, dart stealthily across a large dim room and go leaping up a narrow stair within the walls. Once on the roof, they make a risky traverse and arrive, with twilight coming on, at the brink of a sheer para-



MERCOURI IN "TOPKAPI"

Out of the mulch, into the mayhem.

pet interrupted here and there with iron-barred apertures.

"The reel!" Schell snarls. He attaches one end of it to Segal, who is rapidly lowered through a rainspout to the level of the uppermost aperture. Thirty seconds later, the bars suddenly rise roofward, and when they settle back into their sockets Segal is on the inside looking out. Sixty seconds later still, he is hanging head down in a high vaulted chamber. Thirty feet below him lies a large glass case. In the case a dagger is displayed. And in the handle of the dagger glitter four of the finest emeralds ever mined, each one of them worth a sultan's ransom.

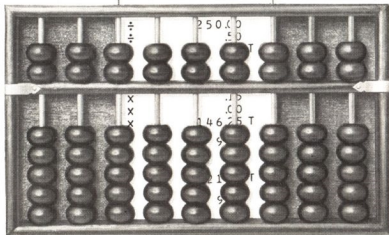
Inch by inch the aerial thief descends to cop the swag. Second by second the suspense intensifies. If the rope slips, if a tool falls, if so much as a large bead of sweat drops off the burglar's brow and lands on the pressure-sensitive floor, the impact will inevitably stimulate tiny electronic centers and trip the general alarm.

"Aaaaaa!" cries the man at the other end of the rope. "It's slipping!"

Obviously, Director Jules Dassin isn't. In *Topkapi*, adapted from a tidy thriller (*The Light of Day*) by Eric Ambler, he

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has pulled off the niftiest caper seen on screen since the jewel job he engineered in *Rififi*. As in *Rififi*, unfortunately, the rest of the film seems a bit Dassinian. The director's jokes are often too laboriously explained, and the camera's adoration of Melina Mercouri, the great love of Dassin's life, is sometimes boring and always embarrassing.

Still, it's fun to watch the mercurial Mercouri play a nympholucrosmaragdomaniac who has similar and excessive reactions to men, money and emeralds. And it's even more fun to watch Ustinov, a semi-Egyptian sphinx who asks unseemly riddles ("Wanna buy some feelthy peectures?"), make like a male Mata Hari and look like a two-ton dip of coffee ice cream wearing baggy tweeds. When Ustinov is on-screen, *Topkapi* is top chop.

### Grotesque Burlesque

The Ape Woman puts a savage switch on the sly old joke about the monkey who notes hopefully that people look "almost simian."

The ape woman of the title (Annie Girardot) is a freak: a poor thing covered from head to foot with a coat of long, brown, silky hair. The leading man (Ugo Tognazzi), a Neapolitan spiv, finds her working as a scullion in a convent kitchen. "Mamma mia!" he gasps. "She really looks like an ape. I could start a freak show and clean up." The idea scares her half to death. She's not very bright to begin with, and on top of that she is painfully ashamed of her affliction. But the spiv aggressively jolies her out of her objections. To him she is no more than a hairy meal ticket. To her he seems little less than a god. She says *si*.

So begins a parable both squalid and sublime. The greedy little punk displays the creature as "a monster trapped in Africa, half woman and half ape." When he cracks his whip she gibbers like a monkey, rattles the bars of her cage, jumps around in a tree. To ensure his income, he marries the monster and hustles her off to Paris, where he sells her as a stripper ("The Hairy Angel") to appease the public appetite for the

ALAN CRONIN



GIRARDOT & TOGNAZZI IN "APE"  
Under the whiskers, a meal ticket.



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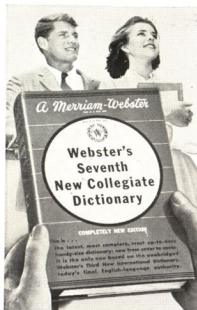
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peculiar. One day the poor thing finds herself pregnant. "Oh well," he reflects philosophically. "Maybe the baby will be a monster too. Then we can use it in the act."

No such luck. The ape woman dies in childbirth. The spiv, robbed by a cruel fate of his bearded breadwinner, faces destitution—or even employment. But at the last minute he is saved by a master stroke of showmanship: he discovers that the public, which paid good money to see the ape woman alive, will also pay good money to see her dead.

So ends the film as it was shown in Europe. For U.S. audiences a new and much less ferocious finish has been contrived; Distributor Joe Levine seems to think it's all right to exploit the living but immoral to exploit the dead. Even so, *The Ape Woman* remains a lacerating and hilarious piece of misanthropy. The wedding procession, at which the bridegroom crassly compels the bride to regale the jeering crowds with a singing commercial for herself, will make most spectators shiver with shame for their species. And the wedding-night episode, in which the spiv heroically forces himself to remember the lady's financial attractions and forget about her hairy shoulders, is simultaneously grotesque and burlesque.

Fun and fury make furious fun, but of the film as a whole Director Marco Ferreri (*The Conjugal Bed*) makes something more significant and affecting: a fable in which all the creatures that look human are really beasts, and the creature who looks beastly is the only one who is really human.

### Have Umbrella, Will Travel

Mary Poppins. It is jolly old London, 1910, and one proper English family is all adither over the servant problem. Having put a whole series of nannies to rout, the two Banks youngsters compose a want ad listing desirable qualifications: cheery disposition, rosy cheeks, plays games. Father tears it up and writes an advertisement of his own that draws a queue of cross, solemn applicants. Before you can say Walt Disney, they are whisked away from the doorstep by a high wind, and over the rooftop sails Mary Poppins, dangling from her open umbrella. "I'm sure the children will find my games extremely diverting," she announces blithely.

They will, indeed. For Julie Andrews, bypassed by Hollywood for *My Fair Lady*, proves in this musical fantasy that she is a girl to conjure with. As the redoubtable Mary Poppins, who declares herself "practically perfect in every way," Julie slides up banisters, arranges all sorts of tidy miracles, and even whisks her charges off to one of Disney's cloyingly clever never lands where the cartoon fauna come swiftly to heel. Although she pokes her pretty fingers into a world of sticky sweetness, she almost invariably pulls out a plum. All speeches and cream, with a voice like polished crystal, she seems the very image of a



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VAN DYKE & ANDREWS IN "POPPINS"  
From speeches and cream, a plum.

prim young governess who might spend her free Tuesdays skittering off to Oz.

To make a good show better, Disney employs all the vast magic-making machinery at his command. The sets are luxuriant, the songs lilting, the scenario witty but impeccably sentimental, and the supporting cast only a pinfeather short of perfection. Protean Dick Van Dyke is uneasy with his accent but nonetheless nimble as Bert, the cockney chimney sweep, whether hoofing it with a quartet of penguins or leading the sooty male chorus in a raffish rooftop ballet. Ed Wynn, as the risible Uncle Albert, floats upward every time he laughs, and soon has everyone aloft for the movie's most engaging scene, a high high tea. Though overlong and sometimes over-cute, *Mary Poppins* is the drollest Disney film in decades, a feat of prestidigitization with many more lifts than lapses.

## Grounded

A *Tiger Walks* is a Disney epic that just plods along, following the spoor of many other movies cut from the same hairy pelt. When a mistreated Bengal tiger escapes from his trainer in a small town, folks begin to show their stripes. Cowards take cover. A greedy innkeeper jacks up her prices as hordes of callous reporters descend on the terrified community. A Governor who is up for re-election tries to make political hay by calling out the National Guard, and the boys go hunting a handsome trophy for the officers' mess. Only young Pamela Franklin, the sheriff's bright-eyed daughter, knows that Rajah is really a very decent sort, as tigers go.

Pamela makes a television appeal, and pretty soon youngsters all over America are sending in pennies and chanting the theme song of a "Save That Tiger" campaign. Once more, the idea is that kids and man-eaters can often teach grownups a thing or two. In this case, however, adults trapped into swallowing the message may turn savage. Unless, like Rajah, they have been shot full of tranquilizer pellets before the movie, they are apt to go straight home, snap at the dog, and give the cat his walking papers.

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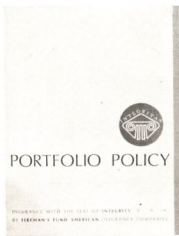
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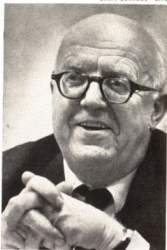


## BOOKS

### Of Men and Decisions

CORRIDORS OF POWER by C. P. Snow.  
403 pages. Scribner. \$5.95.

"If a man hasn't the right to his own cliché, who has?" asks C. P. Snow in the preface to his latest novel. A good question, rougher than he apparently realized. For though Snow meant it to apply only to the title of *Corridors of*



C. P. SNOW

*Through a glass-bottomed boat.*

*Power*, which sneaked into print years before the book itself, the question spotlights the strength and weakness of his whole novel and of his entire *Strangers and Brothers* sequence, of which this is the ninth volume. *Corridors of Power* is the capstone of the sequence so far; it is on balance a very good novel, which nonetheless today seems in some ways unoriginal—but largely because of Snow's previous success in making his ideas into commonplaces.

**The Game & the Stakes.** For three decades now, the behind-the-scenes play of politics, personalities and principles in the British Establishment has been Sir Charles Percy Snow's chief subject and growing obsession, in both fiction and nonfiction. Himself thoroughly experienced both as a Cambridge scientist and a Whitehall administrator, he has made it disturbingly clear to millions that the motives of men of power are mixed and unpredictable, that even right decisions are often taken for trivial reasons, that even upright and intelligent men are often helpless to defeat inertia or change the results of the system.

This time out, Snow appears at first to be telling much the same story—and of course through the same narrator, the dispassionate and indelible lawyer, Lewis Eliot, whose Cambridge and London career parallels Snow's own. A Tory politician named Roger Quaife is

trying to alter radically the course of defense policy in the late 1950s by persuading a Tory government to scrap Britain's independent nuclear deterrent, which he sees as ineffective, ruinously expensive, and a dangerous temptation to other small powers to compete in the atomic arms race. Quaife is a tough, experienced and well-connected Member of Parliament, clearly brilliant, ravenously ambitious but secretly something more: an idealist seeking a justification beyond power and a prize in the history books beyond the usual rewards of playing ambition's game. He is the most enigmatically attractive figure Snow has ever drawn.

**The Gamble.** By ruthless intriguing, Quaife displaces an aging Minister and takes over the Cabinet portfolio that includes policymaking on the nuclear deterrent. By a considerable amount of flattery and deception he isolates the scientific enemies of his viewpoint, by wheedling and dealing he splits the industrialists who stand to lose lucrative defense contracts, and by magnetism and grit he puts together a precarious grouping of Cabinet members, senior civil servants and Tory backbenchers in support of a White Paper that outlines the first steps away from the nuclear arms race.

Quaife's game is desperately exciting, well played, and in the end not quite enough. Offered a chance to back down gracefully and conserve his power, Quaife instead gambles everything—and loses everything when he is not able to hold the solid support of his own party members in Parliament.

**Losses & Winnings.** There are many reasons for his losing. Snow suggests. Quaife tried too much, too fast, too young. He advanced his policy (which Snow clearly thinks is good and has in fact been urging publicly for years) a decade too early for a party still reluctant to accept the meaning and the political consequences of the 1956 Suez Canal crisis. There was a hint of scandal over a mistress. He was sandbagged by civil servants, deserted by a key Tory supporter grown jealous of his success. But in the end, Narrator Eliot makes clear, there was no one reason for his defeat.

It is also clear that Author Snow has gambled and won. His narrative style still ticks along like a metronome, and his characters still seem sometimes to move with the other-worldly pace of tropical fish seen through a glass-bottomed boat. But Snow has succeeded in transforming his own clichés about the men and ways of power in modern Britain: by the sweeping scope of the issue and the struggle, the strength of Roger Quaife, the accuracy of observation and dialogue and the disturbing pertinence of the questions, Snow has brought off a compelling novel of high politics.

### The Court and the Cussed Man

GIDEON'S TRUMPET by Anthony Lewis.  
262 pages. Random House. \$4.95.

Every so often a book appears that behaves like a minor classic almost from the day of publication, with warmly welcoming reviews, steady if not spectacular sales week after week, and a widening circle of quietly unanimous recognition for its unique excellences. In the three months since it came out, Anthony Lewis' *Gideon's Trumpet* has already established itself as that kind of book. It is not an out-of-the-way literary curiosity but something in some ways tougher to bring off: a sound, literate, readable introduction to an important though difficult subject—in this case, the changing philosophy of the U.S. Supreme Court during the last quarter century.

**The Court & the Law.** From the start, the legal community greeted the book with respect for its deft erudition. Reviewers spotted it as a fascinating account of the case of Clarence Earl Gideon, the obscure Florida convict whose now famous pencilled petition to the Supreme Court eventually brought the precedent-shattering decision ruling that any man who cannot pay a law-



ANTHONY LEWIS

*From the bottom of the barrel.*

yer is entitled to court-appointed counsel when on trial, even in state courts, for anything more than a petty offense. This decision brought Gideon a new trial (and his acquittal) and opened the way for new trials for a myriad of other Gideons. And future Gideons can be grateful. Only recently, however, is Lewis' book beginning to get the widespread general readership the lawyers and the critics agree it deserves.

Author Lewis has covered the Supreme Court with distinction for the New York Times since 1955. He clearly had his mind set for some time on a book that would explore both the day-



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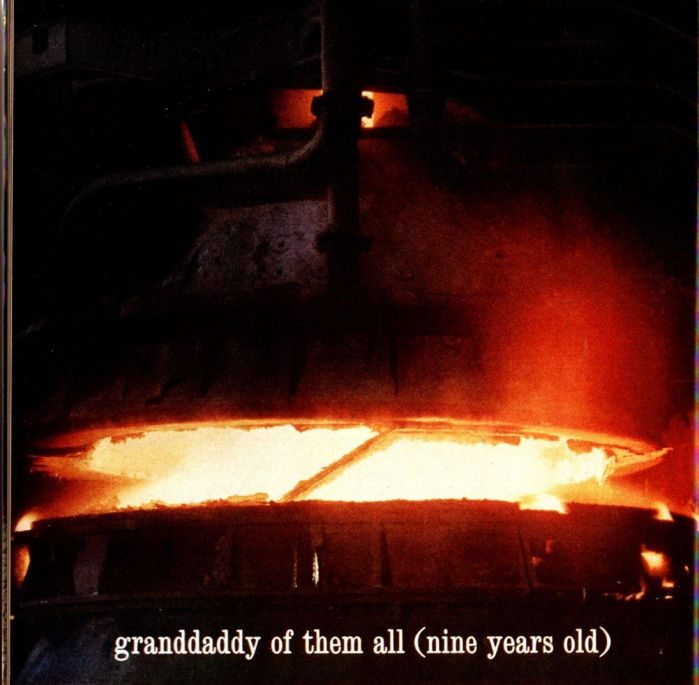
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to-day workings of the court and the long-term developments in legal thinking that have made it so important a shaping influence on the U.S. system, particularly in the last decade. The Gideon case was a stroke of luck that Lewis had the journalistic wit to seize on to animate what might otherwise have been a forbiddingly austere exercise in legal citations and abstract discussions. Gideon's dramatic struggle became the vital thread of narrative on which Lewis hangs his account of the inner workings of the court, the views and crotchets of individual justices, the great precedents related to Gideon's case, the decades-old, still continuing controversies of the scope of the court's authority and the nature of the federal system under the U.S. Constitution.

**Unlikely Figure.** Gideon himself hardly seems at first glance to be the figure of a man of destiny: gaunt, cantankerous, half-educated, a petty gambler and four-times-convicted felon. Yet as one lawyer remarked, "It has become almost axiomatic that the great rights which are secured for all of us by the Bill of Rights are constantly tested and retested in the courts by the people who live in the bottom of society's barrel." Gideon is a classic type of the cussedly independent man. His 22-page letter from jail (Lewis quotes it in full) to Washington Lawyer Abe Fortas, who was appointed to represent him before the Supreme Court, is an autobiographic gem that ranks with the famous letter that Nicola Sacco wrote from his death cell in Boston's Charlestown jail in 1927.

For reasons that Lewis meticulously explains, the court rarely agrees to review a case simply to correct an injustice. The lightning struck Gideon because the court was ready to confront the knotty question of the state courts' obligations, under the Bill of Rights and the due process and equal protection clauses of the 14th Amendment, to provide lawyers for indigent defendants in criminal cases. And as Lewis shows, the decision in Gideon's case is significant not simply because it overturns a 20-year-old Supreme Court precedent that had seriously disturbed many justices and legal scholars, but also because in so doing, the court moved with a swelling wave of legal opinion that has fundamentally expanded and shored up the protections of individual liberty in the past 30 years.

In casting his knowledgeable eye along the Supreme Court bench that sat on Gideon's case, and the long roll call of illustrious men who preceded them on the court and influenced their thinking, Lewis similarly relishes the inescapably human drama and conflict that the law provides. Lewis is himself clearly sympathetic for the most part to those "activists" who, like Justice Black, are usually urging the court to define its powers broadly. Yet he dispenses justice to the Justices with a perceptive and even hand.

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## Declining Descendants

THE GOLDEN BEES by Theo Aronson. 407 pages. New York Graphic Society. \$8.95.

Socially, the Bonapartes always had a problem: while Napoleon conquered Europe, the family never conquered European society. This was a grave disappointment to all of them, including Napoleon I. Even after he became Emperor, he felt it necessary to suggest that the Bonapartes had been the Bourbons of Corsica, a claim that greatly amused his niece, Princess Mathilde Bonaparte. "If it had not been for Napoleon's armies," she once confessed, "I would be selling oranges on the quayside at Ajaccio."

The social ups and downs of the Bonapartes are the subject of South African Author Theo Aronson's over-romanticized but staggeringly detailed book. The best that can be said for most of the clan is that they had the courage of their social pretensions.

**Readymade Kings.** Napoleon I, Author Aronson points out, had "an almost primitive sense of Corsican clanishness," and it led him to elevate his four brothers and three sisters to positions in the Empire that they were ludicrously unsuited to fill. After Austerlitz, for instance, he made his misanthropic brother Louis King of Holland; Brother Joseph became King of Naples; Brother Jérôme became King of Westphalia; Sisters Elisa, Caroline and Pauline received various duchies in Italy; and Napoleon's widowed mother became *Son Altesse Impériale Madame la Mère de l'Empereur*. Napoleon gave them all immense allowances (which they all shrewdly kited into fortunes—Elisa by reopening the marble quarries at Carrara and flooding Europe with marble busts of the Emperor).

All of them gave Napoleon ceaseless trouble. Pauline, an apparent nymphomaniac, had herself sculpted in the nude by Canova, slept indiscriminately with ambassadors and tradesmen, and fostered the rumor that she was engaged in an incestuous affair with Napoleon himself. The brothers and sisters squabbled among themselves about whose titles took precedence and complained regularly to Napoleon about details of protocol at the court (Elisa and Caroline never forgave him for seating them on stools at one state reception when they felt their rank entitled them to armchairs). Worst of all, Napoleon's addled brothers got the notion that they were supposed to rule over their various subjects rather than act as emissaries for the Emperor. "If I made one of my brothers a king," said Napoleon bitterly at St. Helena, "he imagined that he was king by the grace of God."

**Also Postmasters.** With the fall of the Empire, the brothers, sisters and in-laws scattered, most of them to Italy, Joseph to America, where he set himself up as landed gentry on an estate

in New Jersey. The Bonapartes were a sexually agile lot, and by the time Napoleon III (son of Louis) became Emperor in 1852, it was necessary to distinguish between the legitimate and illegitimate Bonapartes by dividing them into the *famille Impériale* and the *famille civile*. The Emperor supported an immense number of them out of the privy purse and even allowed the women to retain the title of princess, although they were technically supposed to abandon it on marriage. One of the most persistent social embarrassments to the court was Count Léon Bonaparte, Napoleon's illegitimate son by a lady-in-waiting, who publicly claimed a right to the Crown, pestered the Emperor for lifelong handouts, and died penniless and insane in 1881.

The second generation of Bonapartes tried without much success to marry well-seasoned European royalty. Achille Murat Bonaparte, son of Caroline,



PAULINE



CHARLES



NAPOLEON I

From Austerlitz to Tallahassee.

found that his title (Crown Prince of Naples) was getting him nowhere and decamped for Florida, where he became postmaster of Tallahassee and married a great-niece of George Washington's, thus complying with Napoleon I's edict to the American Bonapartes to marry only into the Washington and Jefferson families. Socially, the most successful of the second generation aside from Louis-Napoleon himself was Prince Napoleon Bonaparte ("Prince Plon-Plon"), son of Jérôme; he married the daughter of King Victor Emmanuel II and became King of Sardinia.

In more recent generations, Author Aronson computes, the Bonapartes have married their way into just about every royal family in Europe. The present Bonaparte pretender, Prince Louis-Napoleon Bonaparte, is a chap in his late 50s who lives in Paris with his wife and

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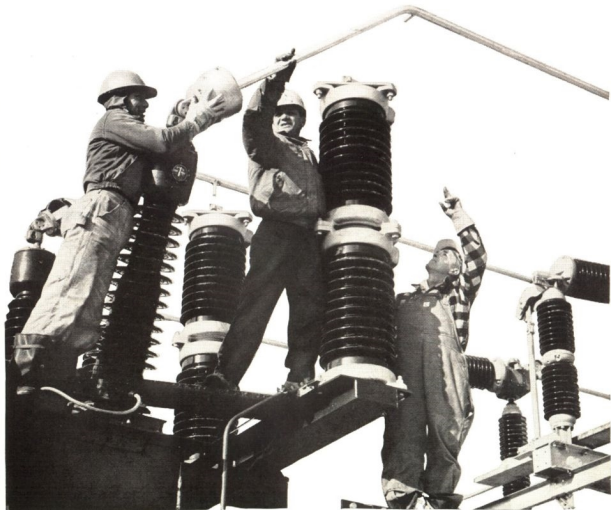
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four children on an inherited income and rarely speaks to the Count of Paris, pretender to the Bourbon throne. The American branch of the family produced several distinguished men (including Charles Patterson Bonaparte, Secretary of the Navy under Theodore Roosevelt). But the line petered out with Jerome-Napoleon Patterson Bonaparte in 1943. The great-grandnephew of Napoleon I was taking his dog for a walk in Central Park one afternoon, when he tripped over the leash and suffered a skull fracture that killed him.

### Unafraid of Virginia Woolf

BEGINNING AGAIN by Leonard Woolf.  
263 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World.  
\$4.95.

On a Swedish holiday in 1911, Leonard Woolf was confronted on a remote beach by a naked Swede, who asked, "Can you divorce your wife in England if she is insane?" Woolf was used to



NOVELIST WOOLF  
*The end was agony.*

having the Swedes ask many questions, but this one plainly never crossed his mind. In this third volume of his memoirs, "1911 to 1918," Woolf discusses his wife Virginia's sporadic lunacy with candor and total tenderness. He was never afraid of Virginia Woolf, nor is he now of her memory, but seems, rather, to be still almost boyishly in love with her.

She was the fine-wrought sister of a close Cambridge friend of Woolf's, daughter of venerable Sir Leslie Stephen (*History of English Thought in the 18th Century*). Woolf, son of an Anglicized, middle-class Jewish family, was back on leave from seven years' civil service in Ceylon when he chucked his career to become her combination lover (they decided against children because of her health), high priest and nurse. By 1912, when they married, she already had a history of neurasthenia



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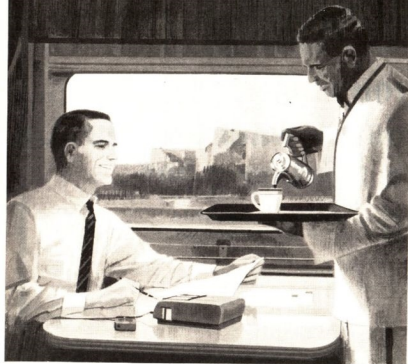
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that included two breakdowns and an attempt to throw herself out of a window after her mother's death.

Her £400-a-year allowance from her father was hardly enough for two in Upper Bohemia, so Leonard turned to part-time journalism ("the opiate of the artist; eventually it poisons his mind and his art") and other odd jobs to help pay the bills. But in those golden pre-World War I days, even young socialists supported a cook and maid. For the Woolfs there were also to be such contingent expenses as the four nurses required during Virginia's breakdowns.

The first came with the completion of her first novel, *The Voyage Out*, about a love-struck girl who dies of an irrelevant fever. She had "an almost pathological hypersensitivity to criticism, so that she suffered an ever increasingly agonizing nervous apprehension as she got nearer to the end of her book and the throwing of it and of herself to the critics." As the publication date approached, nervous apprehension became plain madness. She raved. She heard voices. She might literally have starved herself to death had Woolf not been with her at the time. "Every meal took an hour or two; I had to sit by her side, put a spoon or fork in her hand, and every now and again ask her very quietly to eat and at the same time touch her arm or hand. Every five minutes or so she might automatically eat a mouthful."

The volume ends in 1918, with Virginia's major creative time yet to come. The Woolfs had more than 20 years together before the day in 1941 when Virginia walked into the river Ouse and let herself drown. In this loving account of his wife, Woolf has already come close to disproving his own opinion that "the charm of the dead cannot be reproduced second-hand in words."

### Frenzy at Daybreak

THE MAN by Irving Wallace. 766 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$5.95.

This tasteless story is laid in the near future, and it pretends that Douglass Dilman, the first Negro President in U.S. history, has just entered the White House. He has arrived there by a singular coincidence of disaster: the Vice President has died of a heart attack, the President and Speaker of the House have both been crushed by a collapsing ceiling. Dilman, as president pro tem of the U.S. Senate, is next in line. In Wallace's contrived exercise, Dilman is made to contend with 1) a son who belongs to a Black Muslim-type society, 2) a daughter who tries to pass as white, 3) a Senate that tries to impeach him, and 4) a Russian Premier who believes that he must secretly hate the society that rejects him. Novelist Wallace (*The Chapman Report*) embarked on *The Man*, he reports, by taking up his note pad and pencil one evening "and writing in a frenzy whatever came to my mind until daybreak." Obviously.



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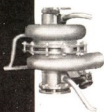
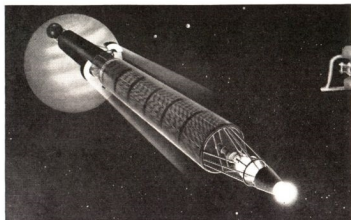
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